THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

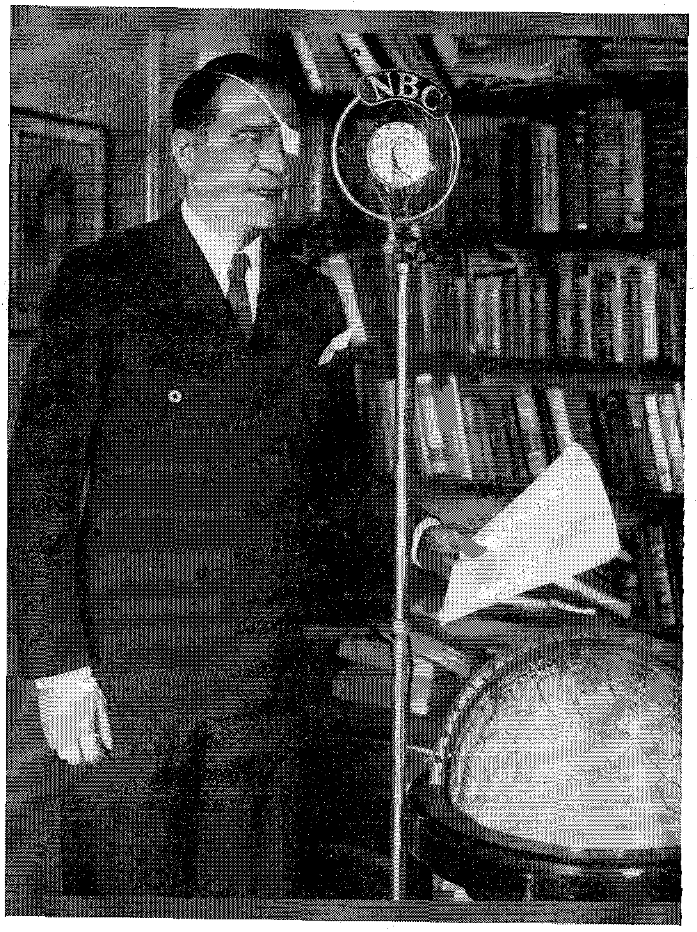
SPECIAL POLLS SHOW TEACHERS DRY, LAWYERS WET

FAR DRYER THAN THE BANNER DRY STATE OF KANSAS itself is the army of nearly 500,000 American educators polled by THE DIGEST.

This is one of six great special polls that THE DIGEST has taken in addition to the huge general national poll of twenty million ballots.

Bankers, Clergy, Educators, Lawyers, Physicians, and DIGEST Subscribers are the six significant classes who are given this chance to say their say on the burning question of Prohibition. Their ballots are tabulated, State by State, on the next two pages.

These six classes are chosen because they touch our national life in six vital ways.



FLOYD GIBBONS AT HIS NIGHTLY RENDEZVOUS

With you—and you—and you! In fact, with the bulk of the American people, to whom he brings the latest news of the DIGEST Prohibition poll, and much spicy gossip of the wide, wide world.

Bankers are interested in keeping America prosperous. Their expert fingers are on the business pulse of every city, town, and village, every line of trade and industry. When they vote, they vote for good times and against hard times, and, curiously enough, we find practically the same number voting for enforcement and for repeal, 35,210 for the one and 34,518 for the other, with 15,096 taking the middle ground for modification. This will lead interested observers to a study of the table on the next page, which shows striking geographical trends, with bankers in manufacturing States like New York and New Jersey favoring repeal, and bankers in farming States like Kansas and Nebraska favoring enforcement. A total of 218,711 ballots were mailed to bankers.

The clergy, on the other hand, are concerned over our spiritual welfare. All faiths and all creeds are represented in our poll, and all are deeply anxious over this perplexing problem. Out of 116,235 clergymen to whom ballots were sent, we find 26,863 voting for enforcement, 3,864 for modification, and 15,912 for repeal. Thus a clear majority are for enforcement. When we scan the figures in the table, State by State, however, we find the bone-drys in the minority in some places, and actual majorities for repeal in the District of Columbia, Louisiana, Nevada, New York, and Wisconsin. This at least shows the complexity of the great wet-and-dry enigma.

Then we have the champion dry voters, the educators. Of this class, 490,895 were supplied with ballots. We have chosen the well-known efficient and long-suffering schoolmistress to represent the teachers in our diagram on a later page, but this group also includes thousands of men, school principals, college professors and presidents, and large numbers of men teachers in all the grades. The teachers are faced every day with the vital problem of our young people, which flames out in the news columns all too often, and here we have their votes to give us their judgment on what is to be done about it. The educators cast 95,422 ballots for enforcement, 22,705 for modification, and 38,956 for repeal. Connecticut and New York stand out as the only two States where the teachers cast more votes for repeal than for enforcement.

The lawyers should surely have a chance to voice their views here, as it is a question of law-making, law-breaking, and law-enforcement. Judges, too, are included in this group, so here we have a class who speak with peculiar authority. The lawyers evidently differ sharply with the clergy and the teachers, for they show a clear majority for repeal. They vote 18,101 for enforcement, 9,743 for modification, and 34,886 for repeal, the only one of the six groups to show a clear majority for repeal. The States where their enforcement vote tops repeal can be counted on the fingers. The number of ballots sent to lawyers was 132,489.

Nearly a majority for repeal is returned by the physicians, who come forward with 19,956 for enforcement, 13,568 for modification, and 32,235 for repeal, out of a total of 154,670 ballots sent out. The physician knows us in a way different from any of the other classes here, and he sees the Prohibition problem as it affects our health and, indeed, often our very lives. Here, too, the fingers suffice to count the States where the medical advisers favor enforcement as against repeal.

A splendid percentage of response comes from our loyal family of Digest subscribers. True, the other five classes respond grandly, returning from 31.46 to 46.83 per cent. of the ballots sent out—returns almost unprecedented in such polls, and showing the great interest in this vote.

But the Digest subscribers ran easily ahead of them all, and returned 570,656 out of a total of 1,023,621 ballots sent to them, or 55.7 per cent. This poll was confined to our mail subscribers in the forty-eight States, and did not reach Canada or include any of our overseas or news-stand circulation. More are still coming in, but the stream had to be halted, checked, and counted at some point, and these are the figures to date. What is known as "reader interest" seems to stand at a high level here. In this poll of subscribers the percentage for repeal, 41.23, is very similar to the corresponding percentage in the general poll, but the percentage for enforcement, 39.41, is considerably higher, and the percentage for modification, 19.36, is considerably lower. The returns by States are well worth careful study. It is only due to our Digest family to say that they are universally recognized as a group of especially alert and intelligent people, whose judgment on any question is well worth listening to, and their vote here is fully as significant as that of the other groups. And it is perhaps a symbol of The Digest's historic impartiality that the vote of our subscribers is almost as evenly balanced as that of the bankers. The figures are: enforcement, 224,921; modification, 110,465; repeal, 235,270.

Tributes of thousands of letter-writers bear testimony to the intense public interest in The Digest's daily radio broadcast of its poll news. This is coupled with the individual achievements of our chief ambassadors on the air, Mr. Floyd Gibbons, in the East and Middle West, and Mr. John Barry, broadcasting from San Francisco.

The profound impression that has been made by Floyd Gibbons's "head-line hunting" performances for The Digest is illustrated by a series of lively copyrighted articles by Douglas Gilbert in the New York *Evening Telegram*. We quote Mr. Gilbert's snappy description of an evening episode in the National Broadcasting Company's building in New York:

> 6:44 P. M. WJZ—One minute to go.
>
> Heavy, insulated, a doodad for a doorknob, the "ice-box" door of studio "G" of the NBC greets you with an ominous "On the Air" at the end of a tortuous, cork-floored corridor.
>
> A uniformed page swings open the portal at the tread of hastening steps. His face lights up.
>
> "Mr. Gibbons." The lad chokes it out—blushes betray an hour's futile practise.
>
> "H'lo, kid," a smile, a wave, and Gibbons breezes in, his huge bulk a mountain of overcoat, his soft hat pegged at its customary cocksure angle. The linen oval patch shielding his left eye-socket glistens whiter against a ruddy face.
>
> He pushes on, his coat brushing the ivories of a grand piano impeding the fairway that leads to the microphone table. Studio drapes rustle in the wake of his progress.
>
> Nervous jerks help shed his overcoat. It is tossed on a chair as he lunges into another chair before the table. He sucks deeply on a cigaret, chest muscles tautening his vest, and exhales. The gray cloud blurs a framed sign whose letters hide impotently, "No Smoking."
>
> He leans toward the "mike," his torso outspanning the back of his chair by six inches on either side. He shoots a quick glance over his shoulder at a studio visitor. The full lips of a rugged "ringside" face curl into a friendly smile, foiling the glint of his one blue eye.
>
> Ed Thorgersen, announcer, fidgets with the gadgets of an indicator whose tiny red and green lights signal, in radio technique, the imminent broadcast through to the Mississippi.
>
> At one end of the table, to Gibbons's right, Kenneth MacGregor, production man, fingers his copy of the 3,000-word script that Gibbons is to fling out into the air, at machine-gun speed, for The Literary Digest.

RETURNS OF *LITERARY DIGEST* SPECIAL POLLS:

	BANKERS				CLERGY				EDUCATORS			
	Enf.	*Mod.*	*Rep.*	*Total*	*Enf.*	*Mod.*	*Rep.*	*Total*	*Enf.*	*Mod.*	*Rep.*	*Total*
Alabama	490	158	249	897	534	45	108	687	1,628	244	209	2,081
Arizona	38	46	73	157	51	18	50	119	364	114	100	578
Arkansas	548	162	198	908	334	27	52	413	870	99	93	1,062
California	726	521	1,059	2,306	1,142	162	593	1,897	6,794	1,596	1,802	10,192
Colorado	354	143	319	816	321	67	143	531	1,885	294	292	2,471
Connecticut	394	246	904	1,544	291	58	319	668	960	476	1,248	2,684
Delaware	64	12	49	125	40	3	39	82	221	55	97	373
District of Columbia	28	25	78	131	42	38	234	314	236	65	82	383
Florida	323	198	444	965	458	31	98	587	865	160	211	1,236
Georgia	725	243	356	1,324	503	16	54	573	741	177	194	1,112
Idaho	131	47	200	378	106	6	42	154	848	172	168	1,188
Illinois	1,682	906	1,973	4,561	1,289	276	1,036	2,601	3,469	696	821	4,986
Indiana	1,380	604	898	2,882	766	122	400	1,288	2,684	510	405	3,599
Iowa	1,360	518	888	2,766	856	117	353	1,326	2,706	322	331	3,359
Kansas	1,408	392	385	2,185	709	75	269	1,053	2,020	145	129	2,294
Kentucky	844	253	619	1 716	633	42	237	912	1,067	215	404	1,686
Louisiana	196	184	548	928	145	41	299	485	530	188	424	1,142
Maine	312	101	200	613	220	15	88	323	407	82	126	615
Maryland	373	185	520	1,078	318	45	205	568	959	353	700	2,012
Massachusetts	843	397	932	2,172	812	166	865	1,843	2,908	794	2,085	5,787
Michigan	1,117	453	1,461	3,031	949	128	642	1,719	2,847	848	1,072	4,767
Minnesota	1,140	575	1,466	3,181	738	160	601	1,499	1,923	381	622	2,926
Mississippi	361	145	176	682	265	18	51	334	806	93	91	990
Missouri	1,484	518	1,281	3,283	773	139	649	1,561	3,548	674	1,249	5,471
Montana	194	84	332	610	157	26	119	302	1,233	268	432	1,933
Nebraska	738	334	536	1,608	472	90	215	777	2,114	283	311	2,708
Nevada	16	17	52	85	10	1	12	23	150	53	126	329
New Hampshire	186	76	115	377	190	33	84	307	452	137	194	783
New Jersey	1,022	549	2,087	3,658	868	134	694	1,696	2,244	813	1,654	4,711
New Mexico	48	24	61	133	69	28	67	164	214	39	50	303
New York	1,861	1,249	4,043	7,153	1,909	403	2,457	4,769	7,537	4,011	11,421	22,969
North Carolina	933	334	410	1,677	830	49	85	964	2,212	496	403	3,111
North Dakota	361	191	433	985	191	41	122	354	1,103	221	252	1,576
Ohio	1,791	681	1,539	4,011	1,547	226	826	2,599	5,891	1,210	1,374	8,475
Oklahoma	653	245	301	1,199	449	53	85	587	1,634	221	210	2,065
Oregon	220	139	252	611	279	34	90	403	1,310	255	228	1,793
Pennsylvania	3,317	1,094	3,458	7,869	2,156	294	1,698	4,148	9,185	2,098	4,741	16,024
Rhode Island	64	33	145	242	83	36	105	224	277	100	238	615
South Carolina	262	119	152	533	363	17	33	413	816	147	231	1,194
South Dakota	393	189	337	919	202	40	158	400	1,317	198	219	1,734
Tennessee	1,403	267	409	2,079	721	36	61	818	1,798	205	282	2,285
Texas	1,605	661	1,065	3,331	1,[illegible]68	131	322	1,621	3,912	583	595	5,090
Utah	170	62	130	362	24	2	4	30	689	155	166	1,010
Vermont	151	55	128	334	183	14	53	250	361	103	155	619
Virginia	712	351	860	1,923	678	35	64	777	1,448	423	614	2,485
Washington	424	203	449	1,076	376	38	198	612	1,929	423	421	2,773
West Virginia	633	253	422	1,308	423	46	83	552	2,051	483	417	2,951
Wisconsin	740	532	1,078	2,350	451	191	710	1,352	2,186	622	866	3,674
Wyoming	88	28	147	263	48	7	27	82	582	135	191	908
State Unknown	904	294	301	1,499	721	44	113	878	1,491	270	210	1,971
Totals	35,210	15,096	34,518	84,824	26,863	3,864	15,912	46,639	95,422	22,705	38,956	157,083

Two hundred and seventeen words a minute is Gibbons's gait, relates Mr. Gilbert, "never equaled, say broadcast officials, by any other man except at tremendous sacrifice of clarity." We read on:

> MacGregor saws through a sentence with a pencil.
>
> "You Scotch chiseler, what are you cutting that out for?" booms Floyd.
>
> "Have to watch it, Floyd. It looks overtime to me."
>
> "But what in thunder—that's color, man. I can pack it in, and then—" O. K., "it's out."
>
> His hamlike hand moves beyond his reading script for the glorified cigar-box that is the table "mike." Draws it forward, a foot and a half from his face. He looks up toward "Thorgy." Like a rector intoning a service, Thorgersen's ecclesiastical basso booms the introduction, and then—"Floyd Gibbons. . . ." Thorgy's eyes flash a "shoot!" at the man in the chair, and . . .
>
> "Hello, everybody! Prepare for the hottest news of this hottest national issue—Prohibition! I just breezed up from the Literary Digest counting-rooms, and, boy, it's almost too hot for me to handle. Get a load o' these latest returns from the capital of our national Sahara, Birmingham"——

The broadcast is on.

Speed—that's Gibbons. His lips lay over a polysyllable with the ease it rims the glass of his chocolate ice-cream soda. Only a "sick" mike can stop him.

Thorgy's arm goes up at "——ingham."

"Wait a minute, Floyd; it's 'dead,'" he whispers.

The studio visitor leans forward. This "break" augments the thrill of the broadcast for him.

The "mike" stares back, vacuous, like a face without eyebrows; dead as a bathroom wall. Thorgy jiggles a gadget; gets a sign from the man in the glass-enclosed control-room.

He listens—

"O. K."

CLASSIFIED STRAW VOTES GIVE THESE RESULTS

	LAWYERS				PHYSICIANS				*DIGEST* SUBSCRIBERS			
	Enf.	*Mod.*	*Rep.*	*Total*	*Enf.*	*Mod.*	*Rep.*	*Total*	*Enf.*	*Mod.*	*Rep.*	*Total*
Alabama	290	104	276	670	339	162	317	818	2,358	994	1,605	4,957
Arizona	55	29	107	191	64	41	102	207	957	485	955	2,397
Arkansas	229	98	191	518	280	132	209	621	2,048	674	923	3,645
California	752	455	1,732	2,939	1,229	835	1,646	3,710	17,626	9,993	17,499	45,118
Colorado	321	102	442	865	354	164	397	915	3,793	1,613	2,434	7,840
Connecticut	128	102	601	831	188	197	630	1,015	3,742	2,173	5,797	11,712
Delaware	18	7	51	76	20	12	75	107	530	183	576	1,289
District of Columbia	140	114	419	673	115	110	282	507	1,431	974	1,748	4,153
Florida	259	205	559	1,023	135	101	273	509	2,969	1,510	3,075	7,554
Georgia	379	220	434	1,033	303	222	373	898	2,673	1,417	2,100	6,190
Idaho	101	30	181	312	82	31	121	234	1,426	318	1,207	2,951
Illinois	1,087	730	2,235	4,052	1,091	944	2,006	4,041	9,855	6,010	12,538	28,403
Indiana	620	290	791	1,701	693	412	675	1,780	5,528	2,655	4,460	12,643
Iowa	602	179	509	1,290	614	273	547	1,434	4,460	1,470	2,325	8,255
Kansas	378	116	280	774	526	187	300	1,013	4,100	1,028	1,451	6,579
Kentucky	409	168	501	1,078	444	247	461	1,152	3,043	1,249	2,637	6,929
Louisiana	107	104	244	455	127	152	394	673	1,463	1,086	2,839	5,388
Maine	153	57	170	380	135	63	201	399	2,033	710	1,374	4,117
Maryland	201	144	672	1,017	171	221	609	1,001	2,389	1,431	3,586	7,406
Massachusetts	603	375	1,720	2,698	700	490	1,302	2,492	10,734	4,457	10,099	25,290
Michigan	436	189	948	1,573	715	513	1,492	2,720	9,471	4,779	11,646	25,896
Minnesota	575	191	902	1,668	532	290	786	1,608	6,254	2,322	6,015	14,591
Mississippi	187	75	183	445	228	106	184	518	1,321	544	759	2,624
Missouri	758	361	1,199	2,318	749	460	1,199	2,408	5,081	2,153	5,482	12,716
Montana	154	46	264	464	81	53	181	315	1,712	611	2,341	4,664
Nebraska	342	119	304	765	346	173	354	873	2,967	1,023	1,560	5,550
Nevada	20	6	80	106	13	6	49	68	237	107	538	882
New Hampshire	54	22	88	164	71	43	126	240	1,317	541	851	2,709
New Jersey	391	289	1,448	2,128	492	461	1,507	2,460	9,216	5,949	15,587	30,752
New Mexico	33	23	84	140	57	38	100	195	645	326	693	1,664
New York	1,446	1,338	6,690	9,474	1,470	1,685	4,869	8,024	19,721	14,450	37,854	72,025
North Carolina	400	283	378	1,061	409	295	378	1,082	3,714	1,565	1,843	7,122
North Dakota	144	63	174	381	69	39	180	288	1,224	536	1,081	2,841
Ohio	1,165	681	2,093	3,939	1,169	797	1,687	3,653	11,918	6,456	11,931	30,305
Oklahoma	512	210	455	1,177	377	176	304	857	3,633	1,299	1,819	6,751
Oregon	228	94	301	623	218	112	250	580	3,262	1,373	2,395	7,030
Pennsylvania	1,179	548	2,545	4,272	1,839	1,139	3,352	6,330	21,282	8,325	22,268	51,875
Rhode Island	40	30	156	226	63	50	151	264	1,114	582	1,361	3,057
South Carolina	142	89	204	435	165	109	234	508	1,339	658	829	2,826
South Dakota	214	50	164	428	115	47	155	317	1,629	546	936	3,111
Tennessee	386	152	402	940	420	216	361	997	3,395	1,114	1,929	6,438
Texas	847	420	860	2,127	940	490	754	2,184	10,211	4,630	6,831	21,672
Utah	109	35	169	313	94	63	129	286	1,651	697	1,392	3,740
Vermont	57	18	89	164	70	26	85	181	1,299	423	804	2,526
Virginia	226	180	654	1,060	318	267	549	1,134	3,567	1,774	3,762	9,103
Washington	356	136	525	1,017	298	187	440	925	5,361	2,696	4,693	12,750
West Virginia	254	143	413	810	251	157	361	769	2,553	1,146	1,913	5,612
Wisconsin	271	185	732	1,188	303	343	773	1,419	3,467	2,172	5,142	10,781
Wyoming	53	14	128	195	37	15	77	129	600	200	830	1,630
State Unknown	290	124	139	553	437	216	248	901	2,602	1,038	957	4,597
Totals	18,101	9,743	34,886	62,730	19,956	13,568	32,235	65,759	224,921	110,465	235,270	570,656

And Floyd begins again, undismayed. Nothing feezes him. Seven. It's over.

"S'long, Thorgy. S'long, Mac."

He grabs his overcoat and steps out for his own "office." M. H. Aylesworth, NBC head, set aside a room for him on the fifteenth floor. He all but fills the cubicle.

"You know there's a lesson in that 'dead' mike we had tonight," he said. "Sort of gives you some idea of how the other guy feels when you shoot a line of chatter at him he no *comprenez pas.*

"Trying to realize how the other guy feels is my principal aim in this broadcasting—the best mental approach I know. It's human beings I'm interested in—not [ironically] 'this great army of unseen listeners.'

"I don't want an audience to orate to. Gosh, I hope I never get that professional. These listeners of mine are real people to me as I sit before the 'mike.' I'm just as conscious that I'm talking to them as that they are listening to me. I might say that the purpose of my talks is to convey to real people some experience that we all can share."

Thorgy barged in. Got himself a drink of water.

"Tell 'em about the $4.50 Bob Lee owed you for a couple of years, and how you were reminded of it," prompted Thorgy. "That was an experience."

Gibbons rumpled out the divan in the room; kicked off a pillow to the floor; eased the one at his head; lit a cigaret. Thorgy sank seven inches further in his chair. He flipped off the ceiling lights from the wall-switch at his hand.

The story of the $4.50. . . .

It was June, but that made no difference to the Channel. The ship carrying General Pershing, Gibbons, and the vanguard of the A. E. F.—"Pershing's own"—buffeted the worst crossing in years.

Floyd filed his story of the arrival, the hysterical reception of paupered, plague-torn Paris, hung around a few weeks—and then disappeared.

The orders "to the front," nervously awaited for weeks, finally came. Febrile Paris spent itself in an orgy of excitement.

"Poor Gib," wailed the seventeen other accredited American correspondents, "he isn't here to move on up with us."

"It's the first scoop I ever knew him to miss," said one old-timer.

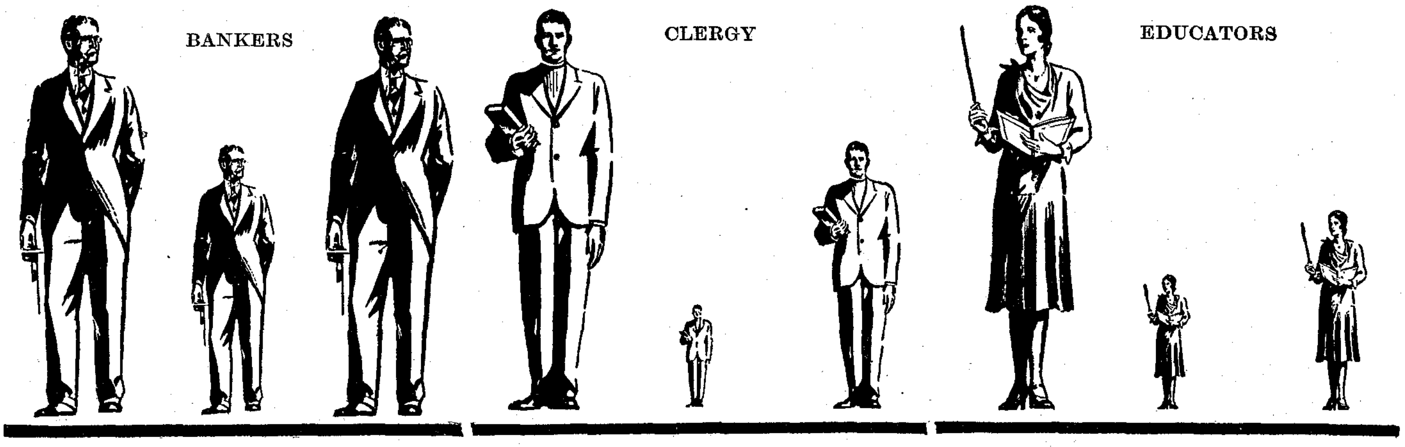
"Yeah," put in another, "but a wow of a ways up front we'll get. By Allah, I couldn't crash the Foreign Office gate yesterday. My office cabled to lay off those 'official' handouts they're passing us here. Say, they can get 'em cheaper—and quicker—in Washington."

Simultaneously, we are told, the orders were received in a little town in Southern France, where Gen. Peyton C. March had been training an artillery corps. And, "lining up with the men daily, exactly as the 'buck' next him, was 'Private' Floyd Gibbons." Whose presence is thus explained:

> He'd guessed General March's outfit would be the first to "go up," and had got March's consent to his "watching and training."
>
> Through the rut of what France called a "road" in 1917, artillery trucks coughed and spumed and creaked at dusk one rainy evening in November of that year, moving up toward the Luneville sector.
>
> Huddled back of the road, watching, were seventeen correspondents, under official escort, waiting for the vanguard to pass.
>
> One peered sharper at the outline of a figure beside the driver of a "75."
>
> "Yay, Floyd, oh, Floyd!" he yelled.
>
> The truck rumbled on.
>
> "By golly, that was Floyd Gibbons," cursed the shouter. "How the heck did he get away with that?"
>
> "You're crazy," commented another. "Who do you think he is, Houdini?"
>
> They trudged wearily into the battered town.
>
> "Howdy, boys?" smiled Gibbons.
>
> "Howdy, nothing!" they came right back. "We're gonna squawk."
>
> They did, and Floyd was "detained" for forty-eight hours, as a "penalty" for his crash. What hurt most was that he could obtain his release only on the promise that he wouldn't file a story of what he saw until a month later. The balked correspondents fixt that. Later, there was an exchange of notes, and the situation was eased.
>
> His *carte blanche* from the Chicago *Tribune* got Gibbons a fast car and chauffeur. With this adding the semblance of official swank to his dashes, he crashed many lines that ordinarily would have been barred to him.

And it was a busy time, we are told. "The Germans were in the midst of their final desperate drive on Paris. It seemed they might succeed. The French Government had moved to Bordeaux." And now a climax approaches:

> In the midst of this came word of a hot engagement at a town called Château-Thierry. Gibbons piled into his car with his escort, Lieutenant Hartzell, and told the chauffeur to step on it.
>
> At Château-Thierry he found Maj. Benjamin S. Berry,



ENFORCEMENT	MODIFICATION	REPEAL	ENFORCEMENT	MODIFICATION	REPEAL	ENFORCEMENT	MODIFICATION	REPEAL
35,210	15,096	34,518	26,863	3,864	15,912	95,422	22,705	38,956
41.50%	17.80%	40.70%	57.59%	8.29%	34.12%	60.74%	14.46%	24.80%

NOT EXACTLY THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, AND THE CANDLESTICK MAKER, BUT JUST AS IMPORTANT

and begged permission to continue to a point called Belleau Wood.

"It's blazing hot up here, but you can come—at your own risk," barked the major.

"Let's go," said Gibbons.

Major Berry, Lieutenant Hartzell, and Gibbons moved up over ground recovered but a few hours before by the Marines from Germans.

Shell-holes stunk. They stumbled over bodies. A Marine raised himself on an arm before them.

"Yuh curazy?" he drawled, weakly.

The three pushed on, dropping to hands and knees. Then Berry flattened out.

"It's all right," he told Gibbons and Hartzell. "I'm not hit—just cautious. There's a machine-gun nest over there," pointing at an angle before them and a little to the right.

They crawled on, through the mud and filth into which shells had churned a fresh-tilled oatfield.

Berry's body quivered, was still.

"I got it now," he called. "O. K. It's only in the arm."

"Lie flatter, Major," called Gibbons. "I'll come over and help you."

Working his body with elbows and toes, Gibbons inched along. He couldn't hear the tapping of the machine-guns—only hear the soft susurrus of the bullets. "Like a swarm of bees," Gibbons said. "It was a swell pastoral touch for that oatfield."

He was only a foot from the major. He raised himself—and a "bee" stung him. Right through the helmet, on, grazing his temple, on into his head, leaving his left eye lying on his cheek. Another "bee" got him in the arm—the fleshy part.

He lay there for three hours. Hartzell was helpless to proceed through the rain of steel.

Finally he got over to Gibbons and applied first aid. The major, able to walk, crept back with his two companions, Hartzell, in the middle, helping them along.

Back of the lines, they drest Gibbons's wounds, and sent him to American Base Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly.

"What'd it feel like?" they asked him.

"Just as tho some one prest a lit cigaret to my skin," he said.

"Gee," said his companion, "was that your only sensation? Why, a man that's had his eye shot out must experience something!"

"Sure," said Floyd, "giving" a blonde nurse his right eye. "You know the thing that occurred to me after that bullet got me was the thought of how that chiseler, Bob Lee [his city editor, back in Chicago], had put the bee on me for $4.50 and forgot about it." . . .

Floyd rose and lit a cigaret from Thorgy's match.

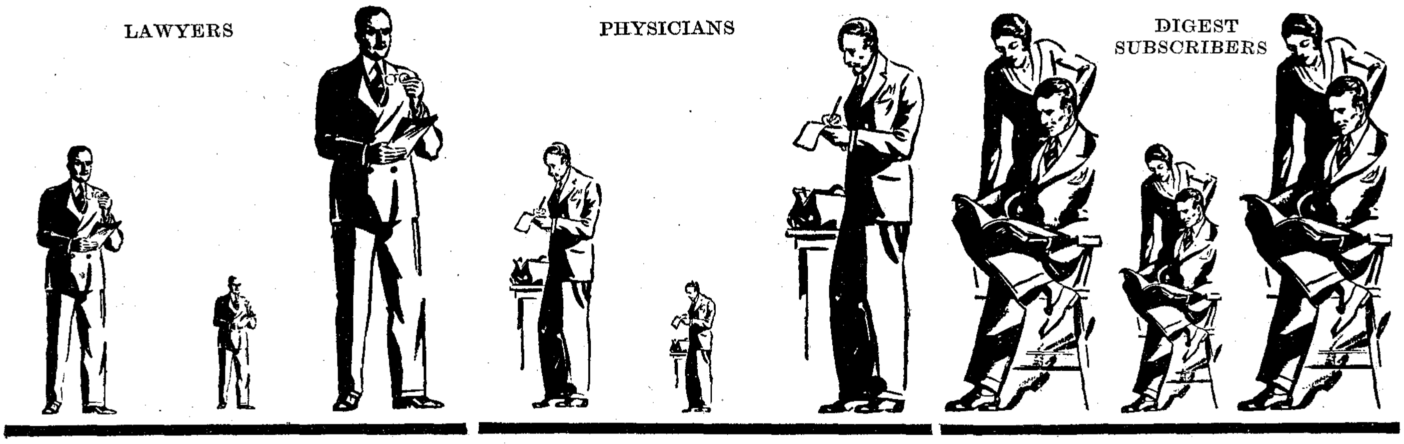
The "$4.50" story was over. You have to chisel it out of him; piece it together with a little third-party aid and not much imagination, and tell it yourself. The white linen bandage over the left eye-socket has to speak for itself and for the Croix de Guerre that is seldom worn.

"But I got back my $4.50," said Floyd, ankling out the door to dinner. "Bob paid me the first thing after I got back to Chicago—when I reminded him of it."

Aside from the results of our special polls, perhaps the most interesting poll news since our last issue is the completion of the poll taken by the twenty-five Scripps-Howard newspapers to "check and double-check" THE DIGEST's 20,000,000-ballot straw vote. Totals of 67,990 men and 30,022 women voted in separate counts on the three DIGEST questions, with these results:

For enforcement, 4,262 men, 5,216 women; modification, 8,238 men, 3,753 women; repeal, 55,490 men, 21,055 women.

"How Doctors Disagree on the Digest Poll"—See the Important Clinic on Pages 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, and 51.



ENFORCEMENT	MODIFICATION	REPEAL	ENFORCEMENT	MODIFICATION	REPEAL	ENFORCEMENT	MODIFICATION	REPEAL
18,101	9,743	34,886	19,956	13,568	32,235	224,921	110,465	235,270
28.85%	15.53%	55.62%	30.34%	20.64%	49.02%	39.41%	19.36%	41.23%

THE DIAGRAMS SHOW AT A GLANCE HOW THE SPECIAL CLASSES STAND TOWARD PROHIBITION

OHIO'S PRISON HORROR

IF BARRY SHOLKEY had not been known as a great "kidder"—

If all the guards had given more thought to quick rescue than to the red tape of prison procedure—

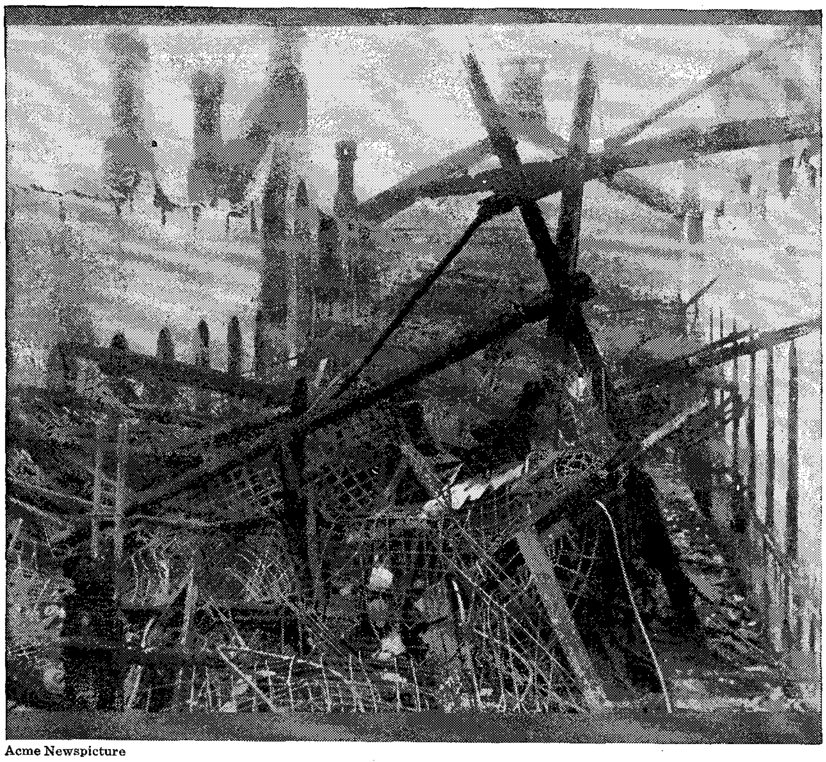
Precious minutes would not have been frittered away, and the fire terror that raced through the Ohio State penitentiary at Columbus, spreading horrible death among hundreds of men trapt in steel cages, might have been cheated of part of its human prey, and possibly deprived of it altogether.

Such are the ironic details—facts and authoritative opinions—that stand out in the news dispatches telling of this "most terrible prison catastrophe the United States has ever had."

Three hundred and nineteen dead, with the list mounting. More than 230 "burned or smoke-choked men" sent to the hospital.

For it seems that Barry Sholkey, a convict, was known as a great "kidder." If he hadn't been, says the Associated Press, "the loss of life might have been less":

> "Sholkey sounded the first alarm, but the guard convicts laughed at him. They refused to become excited. But a few minutes later, with the roaring flames spreading under a stiff wind, they saw the fire, and mighty screams were sent up."



Acme Newspicture

WHERE 319 TRAPT CONVICTS SUFFOCATED OR BURNED TO DEATH

"Guards wrangled over keys, delayed rescue," reads a head-line over a Columbus dispatch to the New York *World*. And a later dispatch to the same paper tells us:

> "All those burned to death could have been saved if all cells had been unlocked when the fire was discovered, A. E. Nice, Fire Chief of Columbus, told the board of inquiry."

As if this were not irony enough, the cell blocks in which "men fell like poisoned flies," screaming to be saved, or shot, were perfectly fireproof structures, we read, but they were covered by a roof that blazed up with a roar. There the flames seem to have started, set, all accounts indicate, by an incendiary. But for the loss of life, it would have rated as a petty fire, for the damage was put at only $11,000.

The smoke poured through in a great acrid cloud, and the madness was on.

"Frantic men suffocated like vermin behind their steel bars," as *The Ohio State Journal* puts it. Hundreds screamed, cursed, prayed, tore at the bars, and begged to be saved—then died.

One of the guards said:

> "I saw faces at the windows wreathed in smoke that poured through the broken glass. With others I tried to get at them, but we could not move the bars. Soon flames broke into the cell-room, and the convicts dropt to the floor. They were literally burned alive before our eyes."

The inquiry ordered by Governor Cooper early developed these salient points, according to the New York *Times's* correspondent:

> "Thomas Watkinson, guard in the cell blocks where prisoners on the upper tiers were suffocated, refused to hand his keys to other guards, who finally wrested them from him, and carried on the rescue work until overcome by smoke. Watkinson was suspended by the warden.
>
> "The prison personnel had never received instructions for the routine to follow in case of fire, and no fire drill had been held among the prisoners within memory of the warden.
>
> "The loss of most of the lives was attributed to delay in opening the cells. Watkinson, the guard, testified, however, that in refusing to turn over the keys he was following the specific instructions of his captain, John Hall. The latter also testified, denying Watkinson's story."

Guards Little and Baldwin, who seized the keys from Watkinson, raced through the cell blocks, opened as many doors as they could, then collapsed and were rescued by prisoners.

Other details of the catastrophe are gleaned from the press accounts:

Miss Amanda Thomas, daughter of the veteran warden, Preston E. Thomas, gave the alarm that brought every piece of fire apparatus in Columbus, every available policeman, a company of the National Guard and 600 soldiers, and every doctor and nurse from miles around.

Two other blazes were set, hose was cut, firemen stoned, and an attempt made to burn a fire-department gasoline truck by prisoners loose in the yard. The disorders ceased when the warden threatened to have the first rioter shot.

Scores of prisoners risked their lives, and some died in rescuing their fellow convicts. "Wild Bill" Donovan, notorious gunman, carried twelve men to safety before he collapsed and died.

Keys were misplaced, and guards and convicts, armed with sledgehammers and axes, risked suffocation to break cell locks.

"Two of the dead men had cut their throats, driven to suicide by the terror that grew on them as the flames mowed down their prison mates," writes A. H. Roberts, correspondent of the Cleveland *News*.

One man, who was being lowered to safety, was accidentally hanged when the rope slipt, says the United Press.

Only one prisoner escaped, Michael Dorn, thirty-three, who "calmly donned a civilian suit and walked away."

Built to house 1,500, the penitentiary held more than 4,600 at the time of the fire, the correspondents tell us.

"The responsibility of the holocaust rests squarely upon the State," declares the Columbus *Evening Dispatch*. "For many, many years successive legislatures have dawdled over the prison problem . . . while defenseless human lives remained in jeopardy."

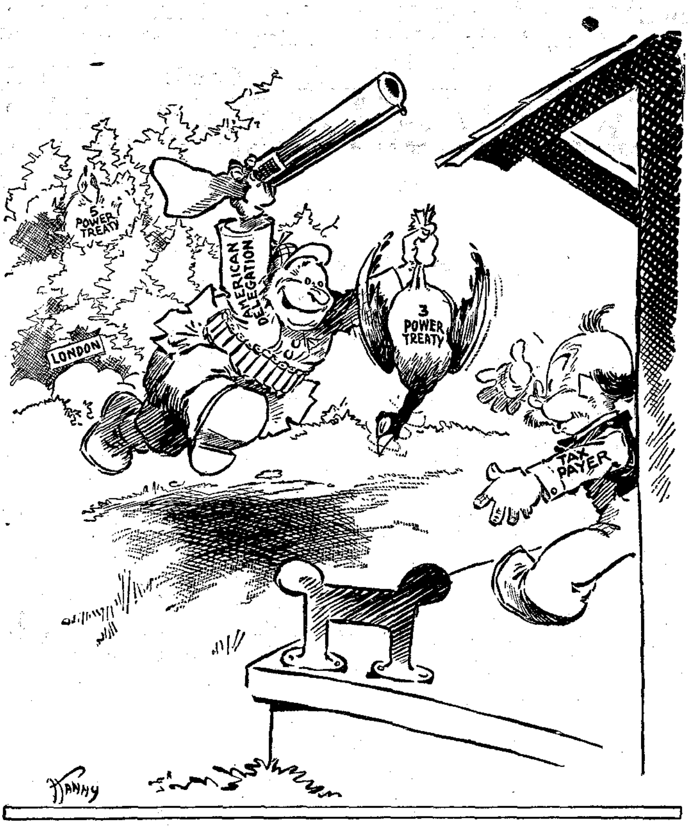
Asserting that the disaster means that the State must "abandon a policy of neglect and indifference," another Ohio paper, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* concludes its editorial thus:

> "The cries of men behind steel bars, held in a vise for creeping flames to devour, are ringing in Ohio ears. The State is more cruel than we believe if the cries are unanswered."

THE "THREE-AND-FIVE" TREATY FACES THE SENATE

WITH ALL DUE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, with "the cheer of April sunshine, scarlet damask, cut glass chandeliers and yards and yards of red baize," with the portraits of three King Georges looking down on this "Anglo-American honeymoon" in the pleasant drawing-room of St. James's Palace, where Queen Anne once took tea, twenty-seven men in formal black coats signed what they called "the London Naval Treaty of 1930."

But the correspondents, who thus described the scene, speak of the document as the "three-and-five" treaty, because it means complete naval arms limitation among the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, with certain minor agreements also accepted by France and Italy.



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A BIRD IN THE HAND, ETC.

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

"A new leaf in naval negotiations," Prime Minister MacDonald called it, and afterward he told Mr. Stimson how at the moment he was in spirit "back by the rushing waters and sighing trees of the Rapidan."

"Our hopes have been realized," said Mr. Stimson.

And Aristide Briand, whose humor lighted up the final moments of the rather solemn ceremony of signing that morocco-covered document, with all its red seals and blue ribbons, made this significant statement in his contribution to the more formal speech making:

> "The complementary agreement reached by three of us is too precious a contribution to the general maintenance of peace for France and Italy not to have a very keen desire to extend it."

But despite all the crimson cloth and the gold pens and the eloquence, it was not as pompous a ceremony as the opening of the conference in the royal gallery of the House of Lords when, as Edwin L. James of the New York *Times* recalls, King George welcomed the delegates with high hopes. After the three months of negotiation, some of those hopes are unrealized and yet Mr. James feels that the treaty contributes notably to the cause of international understanding. Who, he asks, can deny the value of two specific accomplishments—"the definite fixing until 1936 of the fleets of the three greatest naval powers of the world, and a five-power agreement for a further battle-ship holiday, which, in effect, will probably mean the end of capital ships as they have been known."

And "everybody got something to be satisfied about," writes Henry Kittredge Norton in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "America got parity and limitation, and even a somewhat metaphysical reduction.
>
> "Great Britain got limitation and reduction, without surrendering her position vis-à-vis the continent.
>
> "Japan bettered her ratios a bit and reserved still larger claims for the next discussion.
>
> "France saved her building program, without assuming responsibility for breaking up the meeting.
>
> "Italy reserved her hypothetical right to parity with France, under similar circumstances."

In its larger aspects the London conference, so it seems to Henry J. Haskell, editor of the Kansas City *Star*, is significant "as one in the long series of important administration moves toward transforming world hostility to the United States into world friendliness." As Mr. Haskell writes in a Washington dispatch to his own newspaper:

> "The important things are that the big source of friction between Britain and the United States has been removed, thus paving the way to better relations between the two countries, while at the same time Europe understands that with a purely defensive Navy America is not looking forward to succeeding Germany in a career of world conquest."

As was evident when the first information of the contents of the treaty became known, newspaper editorial opinion is on the whole favorable, altho not so unanimously enthusiastic.

The idea that half a loaf is better than none is widely prevalent.

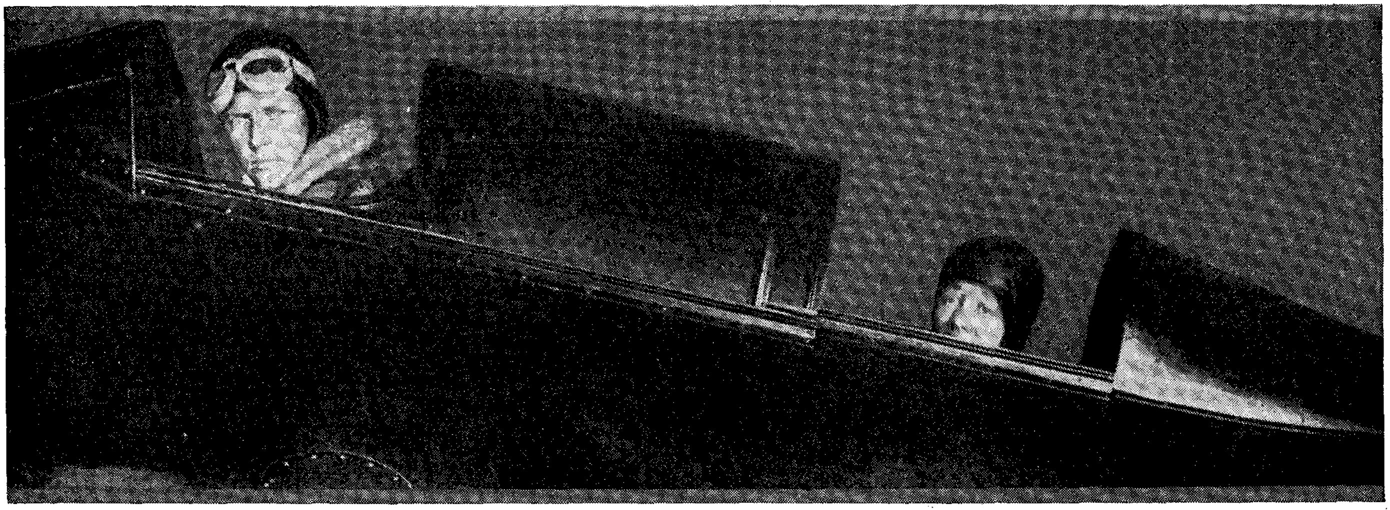
But diplomats may congratulate each other, correspondents may praise, editors may approve—perusal of the Washington dispatches brings us sharply against the fact that while Presidents propose, the Senate disposes. President Hoover is submitting the treaty to the Senate for ratification without delay. Press correspondents expect eventual ratification, though only after much debating and long-drawn-out committee hearings. We are reminded that three of the seven members of the London delegation will probably be in the Senate for the ratification debate and the vote. These are Senators Joseph T. Robinson and David A. Reed, and Dwight W. Morrow, who is expected to take a seat in the Senate soon by appointment at the hands of the Governor of New Jersey. The championship of the treaty by Senator Robinson, leader of the Senate Democrats, so David Lawrence of the Consolidated Press assumes, will assure a two-thirds vote for ratification, "even allowing for certain defections inside the Republican ranks among the irreconcilables." And the friendly attitude of Senator William E. Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, is considered no less important by correspondents and editors.

The press of the country very generally expect and desire prompt ratification.

"A real fight can be expected," however, the Birmingham *Age-Herald* warns us, noting, for one thing, the critical attitude of Senator Hale, Chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, who is generally considered a "big-Navy" advocate. Curiously enough, continues the Alabama paper—

> "The extreme pacifists are clamoring against the treaty as much as the extreme militarists are. The country will at first watch with amazement this union of irreconcilables, and then voice a demand for action in accordance with the dictates of common sense and international decency."

"The big-Navy advocates," the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* thinks, "ought to be satisfied with the treaty, for only in



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THE LINDBERGHS LAND—AFTER THEIR RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT ACROSS THE CONTINENT

their wildest dreams have they imagined an American Navy larger than any other in the world."

A critical attitude is taken by the Sacramento *Bee*, which insists that the conference "leaves us precisely at the point where we were when we began as far as immediate future outlays are concerned," and then adds: "The actual parity which this conference has provided is as chimerical as the economy it has assured." *The Ohio State Journal* says it agrees with the Milwaukee *Journal* "that the conference has been a success for the adding-machine, but not for the spirit."

Readers will welcome this editorial in which the New York *World* sets down in every-day language the most important treaty limitations accepted by England, Japan and the United States:

> "In regard to battle-ships, the treaty contemplates two important changes from the Washington Arms Treaty of 1922.
>
> "Under the latter treaty, prior to December 31, 1936, the United States would lay down ten, Great Britain ten, and Japan six new capital ships.
>
> "Under the proposed treaty no new ships will be laid down; and in addition to the declaration of this holiday in building, Great Britain will begin before the end of next year to scrap five of her present battle-ships, the United States three, and Japan one. The larger figure for Great Britain is designed to bring about substantial parity between that nation and the United States following the close of 1931.
>
> "The holiday and the scrapping thus declared will save a large expenditure of money for construction, if the treaty is ratified, and the work of the conference on this point plainly represents clear gain.
>
> "In regard to cruisers, under the proposed treaty the United States is to have eighteen large ships (of 10,000 tons) with a total tonnage of 180,000; Great Britain 15, with a total tonnage of 148,000; and Japan 12, with a total tonnage of 108,400. The superiority of the United States in large cruisers—32,000 tons—is to be offset by a British superiority of 48,700 tons in small cruisers. The net British advantage in cruisers of all types is 16,700 tons, but the United States retains more large ships and the right to change its mind and to duplicate the British list of cruisers if it chooses.
>
> "Finally, in regard to smaller vessels, Great Britain and the United States are to have 150,000 tons in destroyers, and Japan 100,450 tons; all three Powers are to have 52,700 tons in submarines.
>
> "It is at this point that the 'escalator' clause enters the treaty. Provided any one of the three Powers feels that its security is jeopardized by new building on the part of France or Italy, or both, in cruisers, destroyers or submarines, it may notify the other two Powers of the increase which it requires, and these Powers may thereupon make proportionate increases in their own programs if they so desire. The inclusion of this clause in the London treaty followed from the failure of the conference to persuade France and Italy to accept limitation of their fleets on a basis which would permit the three larger naval Powers to accept the figures for their fleets which they accept, with this proviso, in the proposed treaty."

"WE THREE" WIN ANOTHER RECORD

OUT OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY a shadow—then, as 10,000 eyes strained to follow its dipping flight, an airplane gracefully circled into the radiance of the 37,000,000-candle-power floodlights of Roosevelt Field, and Lindy had broken another record.

This time the famous "We" was a trinity, since Anne Lindbergh rode with her famous husband across the continent, handling the sextant, and taking her turn at the controls.

"Anne is superlatively all right," is a characteristic newspaper tribute.

The old transcontinental record of Frank M. Hawks was made last June in a non-stop flight of 17 hours, 38 minutes, 16 seconds. The Lindberghs made the Los Angeles-New York flight in 14 hours, 46 minutes, and 52 seconds. Emphatically does Captain Hawks assert that his record has been beaten. But not so Lindbergh. He refuses to take credit for it in the course of a brief statement to the press, running in part as follows:

> "The flight was purely an experimental flight, a flight testing the theory that greater speed and efficiency can be obtained by taking advantage of better weather conditions in the higher altitudes.
>
> "We made the entire flight at altitudes varying from 14,000 feet to 15,500, Mrs. Lindbergh acting as co-pilot and navigator. Throughout the trip she used the aviation sextant to take observations to keep us on our course.
>
> "I want to make it plain that I really did not break the transcontinental speed record, despite the fact that our elapsed time was less than the time taken by Captain Hawks on his transcontinental flight. The reason for that is that we made one stop while Captain Hawks's flight was non-stop.
>
> "I don't believe that we would have made the same time if we had attempted to come through non-stop."

Thus Lindbergh "remains the foremost knight of the air," declares the Albany *News*. The New Haven *Journal-Courier* recognizes again that "distinctive tang of personality" about his feats. "None of his exploits is meaningless," concurs the Philadelphia *Record*.

"It was adventure." But, continues the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, "it was intelligent and purposeful adventure; the intent of America's foremost aviator was to secure data useful in high flying in transport and express service across the continent."

There will be further experimentation by the Lindberghs and others, but the New York *World* thinks "it may fairly be assumed that the upper-air levels will be increasingly used for very long flights." As the Cleveland *News* asks:

> "Since storms endanger airplanes along the regular routes and dense atmosphere holds them back, why not ride above the storms in safety; speedily through the lighter air?"

CHICAGO'S AMAZING GANG MERGER

AMAZEMENT GREETS THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Chicago's gangs have amalgamated to "reduce the overhead."

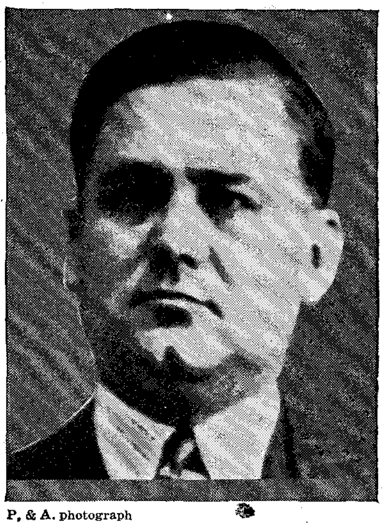
"To the man in the street it will seem curiously fantastic that 'Al' Capone and 'Bugs' Moran, notorious leaders of notorious gangs, should have the hardihood to perfect a merger of their criminal interests, and tell Chicago all about it," declares the Portland *Oregonian.*

It does seem incredible, but the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* assures us that "the erstwhile violent leaders of the half-world armies have arranged to pool their interests and their forces, to amalgamate into one mighty syndicate for the 'orderly' control and operation of gambling, booze, and vice." And Capone, we are told, "has elected himself unanimously—and without opposition—to be chief of all the works."

"All for Al and Al for All"—that is the slogan of the new combine, according to *The Herald-Examiner*, which then proceeds to tell us more about this strange development in Chicago's "racket":

> "Under the terms of the agreement the gang coalition contemplates maintenance of what might accurately be described as a 'community chest.'
>
> "Into this chest will be poured all of the earnings of all of the gang's units—earnings from vice resorts, from gambling tables, from whisky and beer distribution, and from labor rackets.
>
> "Out of the chest will come the protection funds required, and, it has been decided, these fees will not be scattered indiscriminately, as heretofore, but will be paid to certain designated individuals, powerful enough to keep off the petty graft collectors."

"SCARFACE AL" CAPONE



P. & A. photograph

GEORGE (BUGS) MORAN

REPORTED IN THE LATEST BIG BUSINESS MERGER

"The amalgamation of interests now supposed to have been effected was a characteristic Capone coup," writes Owen L. Scott, Chicago correspondent of the Consolidated Press Association. "It means reduced overhead and enhanced profits, inasmuch as the maintenance of private armies is about the costliest feature of the gang business. Good gunmen draw about $100 a week and keep. The number of men on pay-rolls could be cut sharply with peace."

Close behind this news came the announcement, in the Chicago *Tribune*, that Capone, who recently completed a year's term in a Philadelphia jail, was "seeking new realms of profit, and had invaded the stronghold of political patronage, planning to seize public jobs, public contracts, control of budgets, and the power that attends it all." Reading further:

> "The plan, as it has been described, has been to have a Capone man appointed commissioner of the Bureau of Plumbing, with power to hire and fire the city plumbers, to create restrictions and rules for building installations, resulting in a czardom over all plumbing work in the city."

Meanwhile, Capone men were reported to be "muscling in" on the labor unions. The police saw a temporary setback in this scheme when a lone gunman entered a barroom and shot to death three alleged members of the Capone gang.

News of the Chicago crime merger seems to shock some of our editors, but most of them write of it in an ironical vein. Thus the New Orleans *Item* wonders whether it will bring an investigation by the Department of Justice "to determine if the anti-trust laws are violated."

THE MOTOR WITHERING THE VILLAGES

IS THE AMERICAN VILLAGE DOOMED? Have the automobile and the radio combined to spell oblivion for our thousands of hamlets?

Many fear so, for, on the basis of early reports from the 1930 census, newspaper editors deduce, more or less sadly, that "our villages are being sucked out of existence by the machine age."

"Ironically enough, they seem to be going the way of the saloon," remarks the New York *Herald Tribune*, while the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* paints a gloomy picture of abandonment—"fallen palings, lawns gone wild, shop signs peacefully decaying in the grass."

"The first revelation of the current census reports is that the crossroads store, as a fact and a symbol, has all but vanished from the land," says the Portland *Oregonian*. "With it have disappeared, or are disappearing, the little red schoolhouse, the country doctor, and the rural church. And the culprit, if there be a culprit, is the automobile."

Another cause, we are told, is modern farm machinery, which permits one man to do the farm work of four under the old system, and releases the other three to man the filling stations, hot-dog stands, and other posts of duty in the modern picture.

Swarming over the United States are more than 24,000,000 cars and trucks, according to the 1928 figures of the Department of Agriculture. Their potential prey, if the pessimistic view of the decay of our villages is accepted, are 1,320 places of 2,500 to 5,000 population, listed in the 1920 census, and 12,905 incorporated places of less than 2,500. In addition to these, there are said to be thousands of tiny unlisted hamlets, all threatened by the machine age.

Before quoting further editorial comment on this dark trend in American life, let us dip into the census statistics which reveal it. Says an Associated Press dispatch from Chicago:

> "Figures from eight States surrounding the 1920 center of population on the Illinois and Indiana line show that 92, or nearly 60 per cent. of the 161 small towns counted, suffered a reduction in population of from 5 to 100 per cent., while those showing increases in most cases have added few residents, frequently less than the normal birth increase."

As for what is making our villages wither, the same dispatch finds the explanation not only in the automobile, but in the multiplying attractions of life, both in the big towns and on the farms:

> "Motor transportation over good roads, motion-pictures in the larger towns, and the broadened view conveyed to farmers and villagers by radio and daily newspapers account for the indicated shift in population.
>
> "More modern farmhouses and delivery of goods by rural free delivery have caused tillers of the soil to stay on the old home place rather than go to the near-by village, and thus have caused the closing of many general stores in the small towns."

"It seems a pity," to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "that these hamlets have to go, because they were one of the things characteristic of the nation," but the Portland *Oregonian*, reminding us that the era of the crossroads store "was a difficult one of drudgery for women and the hardest of toil for men," bids us "leave it to literature with more of gratefulness than regret."

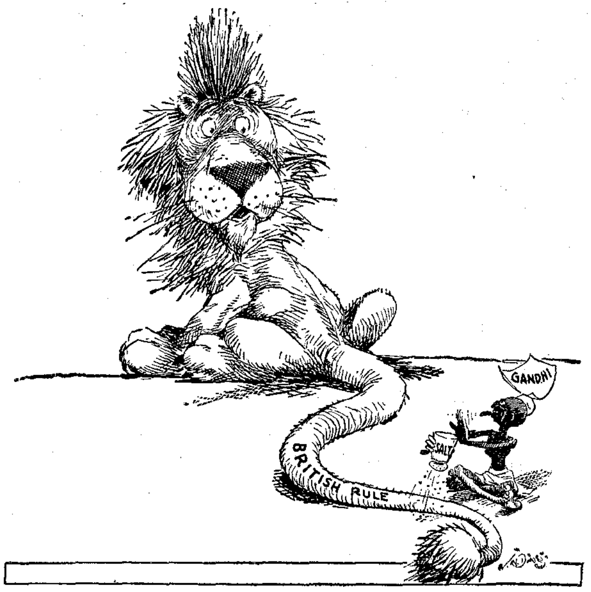
BLOOD-SPILLING IN INDIA'S REVOLT

GANDHI'S "SOUL-FORCE" CAMPAIGN for independence runs into British "velvet-glove" policy in India.

Then "violence" and "the iron hand" appear.

Attempt to make a news-reel of widely scattered developments in huge Indian provinces, following the Mahatma's solemnly defiant "salt party," as told in the dispatches, would show at least:

Weazened Gandhi, on speaking tour, preaching non-violent civil disobedience, even to death for it. Individuals and crowds disobeying the salt law by making and selling salt in many places. Mrs. Gandhi, minus Carrie Nation violence, leading groups of women to persuade natives not to use liquor or patronize liquor shops. Other bands of women on picket duty in the boycott of foreign-made cloth-shops. Importing merchants joining boycott for a year. Thousands of demonstration marchers in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Delhi streets singing the official Nationalist song "Bande Mataram" ("Hail Motherland"), but also "The Wearing of the Green." "Hartals"—both orderly and disorderly general cessation of work in factories, schools, exchanges, and business houses. Protesting crowds outside trial courts, as well as strikers, throwing stones in conflict with police. Riot fatalities and arrests by the score. Hunger strikes among salt-making prisoners. Gandhi unarrested, while his sons and numerous important Nationalists are in prison.



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THE INSULT COURTEOUS
—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Martial law prevailed in cities where protest meetings and general strikes had been called and broken up. Then a band of revolutionary raiders attacked Chittagong, a river port of Bengal, looted the armories of the police and auxiliary forces, killing seven persons, and fled back to the hills. Whereupon troops from Calcutta were ordered to the scene for pursuit, and Viceroy Lord Irwin reimposed the ordinance enabling Bengal authorities to arrest and intern suspects without warrant or trial. Thus emerges "the iron hand."

News dispatches come from a few city-centers and may be subject to censorship, yet they give the impression of spreading revolt, subject to many cross-currents. Correspondents report:

> "Nationalist campaigners adapt propaganda methods learned from Soviet Russia and China revolutions. There are more kinds of revolt than ever previously attempted in India—economic, educational, religious, social, feminist, and political. Communist leaders attack Gandhi's disobedience program as futile and visionary. Some Moslem leaders refuse to cooperate. A caste anti-revolutionary party has appeared. Ruling Princes of native States have come together seeking additional privileges from Government. Besides Viceroy Lord Irwin's strategy in refusing immediately to make Gandhi a martyr, but interning his chief lieutenants and taking necessary military measures to suppress "riots," it is surmised that the report of the Simon Investigation Commission, withheld for two years in London, may be thrown into the ring for a compromise settlement, short of independence, at an opportune time."

Most of our papers find it difficult to understand how Gandhi's psychology can possibly win, altho many continue to emphasize its amazing character, and hedge enough to suggest that what wouldn't go in the West may or may not go far in the East. Uncertain editors agree that the one certainty seems to be that Britain has one of her hardest empire nuts to crack.

TURNING OFF THE SWISS RUM SPIGOT

SWITZERLAND TURNS FROM SCHNAPPS to enter upon a beer-and-wine régime.

Not overnight will the change take place, the dispatches tell us, but the sale of hard liquor becomes a government monopoly, and, by making the price sky-high, the country hopes to discourage its consumption.

Thus the world witnesses another experiment in the control of alcohol, one which will be watched in the United States, our editors tell us, with the greatest interest.

American drys view it as "another victory for the principle of Prohibition."

American wets, on the other hand, pointing to the beer-and-wine régime, call the new Swiss law a "triumph for temperance," and compliment the country on avoiding the "mistake of Prohibition."

By voting to control the sale of schnapps, a potent liquor distilled from fruits, Switzerland has taken what is said to be its first step toward the eradication of alcohol. Several previous attempts to curb John Barleycorn failed, due, it is said, to the severity of the measures proposed. Passage of the new law, which is regarded as a moderate one, seems to have been aided by the argument that the money obtained by the taxing of schnapps could be used to finance social legislation, such as the old-age pension law.

Altho the distillers are to be placed under strict supervision, every family will be permitted to make its own liquor, writes Reginald Wright Kauffman, in a dispatch from Geneva to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "In cases, common here, of individual distillers among the peasant farmers, one still will be permitted for a family, if owned by the head of that family, and if it was in regular use before the referendum. But it will be purchased by the Government at cost upon the death of the owner."

From the same writer we learn more about the new law, which was adopted, on April 6, by 487,340 votes to 314,316, and with five of the twenty-two cantons registering a negative majority:

> "The law is the popular answer to a movement begun years ago.
>
> "General Prohibition was rejected by every historic party, and the Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists—all the recognized political groups except the Communist organization—indorsed the policy of permitting wine and beer.
>
> "Advocates of the new temperance law say they found their most effective publicity in posters, speeches, and pamphlets which emphasized alleged evil effects of Prohibition in the United States."

Oblivion for the farmhouse liquor shop is provided by the new statute, the Associated Press tells us:

> "Social reform was the main argument. As fruit orchards were developed here, the peasants began distilling their own strong liquor, making schnapps. They were free to sell it, and drinkers got plenty of schnapps, not always good, for a low price at almost any farmhouse. Under the new system, any one may brew his own liquor, but only for his own consumption."

Many of our editors agree with the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* that "America, groping about for a sensible solution of its problem, will watch the results of the Swiss plan with interest."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

One thing that never works properly after it has been fixt is a jury.—*Louisville Times.*

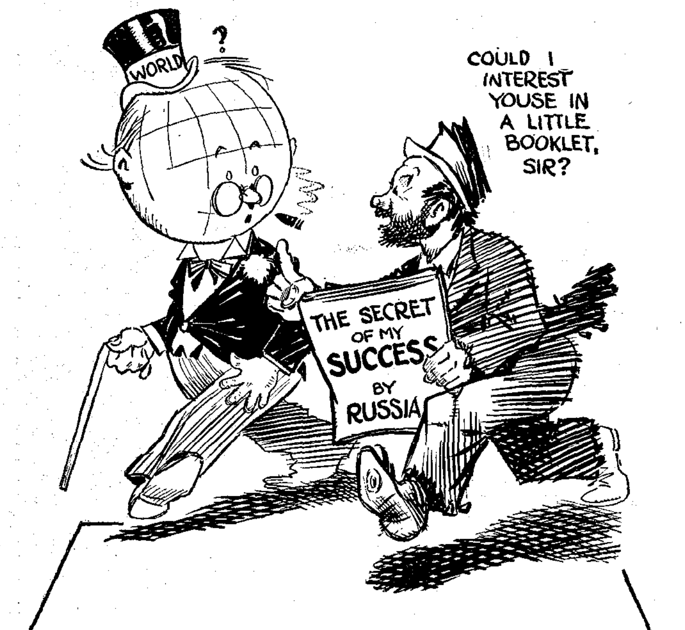
Having seen the North Pole and the South Pole, Admiral Byrd will now run into the Digest poll.—*Dallas News.*

The Literary Digest might try a poll of the population, and see how near right the Government gets it.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

If the next naval conference is to reach a higher plane, airships must be considered.—*West Virginia Worker (Parkersburg).*

The way the wets are voting, it seems clear that they are determined to make the moist of the Prohibition poll.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

We read of a young woman in America who appears to breathe only twice a minute. Her prospect of getting an emotional part in a film is discouraging. —*Punch.*


WORLD
?
COULD I INTEREST YOUSE IN A LITTLE BOOKLET, SIR?
THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS BY RUSSIA

SPECIAL OFFER—STILL OPEN

—Herblock in the Chicago *Daily News.*

The principal street of a town is now called the Maim Street.—*Dublin Opinion.*

Well, Herbert Hoover threw out the first baseball himself, instead of appointing a commission to do it.—*Dallas News.*

The Literary Digest wet-and-dry poll ought to be stopt by law as a flagrant case of cruelty to candidates.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

The Naval Research Laboratory reveals that the planet we live on has a tail. It would be humiliating to discover that we are the fleas.—*Detroit News.*

National conditions look worst when last election's promises have been forgotten and the next election's promises are not out yet.—*San Diego Union.*

If Mahatma Gandhi were an American, he would send his picture with one pound of salt for one dollar.—*West Virginia Worker.*

Will Irwin says Hoover is another Roosevelt "under the skin." Well, for heaven's sake, won't somebody skin him!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Preliminary census reports are that American villages are doomed. There is no longer room for them between the filling stations.—*Dallas News.*

People who sneer because the sea parley cost the United States $3,000 a day, forget what it costs to fire a 16-inch gun. —*American Lumberman.*

There are baseball fans who won't be satisfied that Babe Ruth is earning that $80,000 salary until he hits one to the new planet. —*New York Evening Post.*

Tax refunds may be on the square, but why are the big fellows the only ones dumb enough to make such mistakes in their tax returns?—*Publishers Syndicate.*

The nation is so organized now that if you miss an evening of Amos 'n' Andy, you hear most of it anyway in the course of the next twenty-four hours.—*Detroit News.*

One movie actress is said to have lost her job because she wouldn't work for less than $12,500 a week. We may now have to add a cake line to the bread line.—*Dallas News.*

The drys claim that The Literary Digest straw vote on Prohibition is unfair, and the wets are claiming the same thing. That proves that it is about as fair as the Digest could make it.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Many people who like to be referred to as dreamers are merely sleepers.—*Dublin Opinion.*

This country now has so many filling stations, it is easy to fuel all of the people all of the time.—*Louisville Times.*

If the merger movement continues, we'll soon see colleges consolidating to get better football teams.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

You can't blame the French for asking security. Look what a mess Uncle Sam got in by lending money without it.—*Austin American.*

It appears hard to convince the farmer that the most profitable time for him to cut his crops is before he plants them. —*Virginian-Pilot.*

More difficulty than ever before in taking the census. Numerators can't get into the house till they prove they're not dry-enforcement officers.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

There's practically nothing left for Admiral Byrd to hunt for now, unless he drops a collar-button.—*Tampa Tribune.*

The only time a horse gets frightened on the road nowadays is when he meets another horse.—*Chicago Daily News.*

WHENwetuneinontheradioandhearsomethinglikethiswe knowit'sFloydGibbonstalkingabouttheLITERARYDIGEST polletcetera.—*Judge.*

We bet President Hoover's reaction to his new grandchild was, "Well, thank the Lord, I don't have to get it ratified by the Senate."—*Ohio State Journal.*

London figures that the proposed naval disarmament pact will cost these United States nine hundred million dollars. Disarmament? Gosh! We ought to be able to have a good first-class little war cheaper than that.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Industrial unemployment has increased the supply of farm labor. There is always something to eat down on the farm.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

Somehow the census doesn't seem to be creating half the interest that the Literary Digest Prohibition poll is getting. —*Western World (Fort Worth).*

After The Literary Digest has completed its straw-poll on the Prohibition question, it should come right back with one on the 1930 World Series.—*Louisville Times.*

Analysis of five hundred recorded conversations is said to have shown that the vocabulary of telephone-users is extremely limited. This is greatly to their credit.—*Punch.*

A prize bull belonging to Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick's herd was sold on election day for $300. That will make a place in her barn for Senator Deneen's goat.—*Beloit News.*

"I shall spend my first million years in heaven playing the piano," says William Lyon Phelps. Query—But would it continue to be heaven or—what?—*Minneapolis Journal.*

An architect thinks that the small houses now being built could be much improved. For one thing they might be arranged so that the rooms would fold into the walls when not wanted. —*Punch.*

We are more or less neutral in this Literary Digest poll on Prohibition, but sometimes we would like to see the drys win out just to learn how those who have been denouncing the poll as unfair would set about eating their words in effort to prove how fair it was.—*Lynchburg News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

TOKYO RISEN FROM ITS ASHES

SEVEN YEARS AGO Japan's capital was a desert plain as a result of the earthquake and the devastating fire that followed.

But to-day it is risen from ashes, a new city, and Japanese editors declare that it is the model for all other cities in Japan to follow.

New streets and thoroughfares have been built, new bridges and buildings have been erected, and a series of large and small parks has been laid out.

To commemorate the great occasion of reconstruction, we learn from the Japanese press, the rebuilt Tokyo was honored by a visit of the Emperor in person.

Meanwhile a contact of Japan with the United States in this connection is evidenced in the good-will delegation of four young Japanese women, who visited various cities in the United States to testify to the gratitude of their country for the aid given by the Americans after the earthquake and fire of 1923.

They were selected as representatives of Japanese womanhood, the press advises us, by the Tokyo newspaper *Jiji-Shimpo*.

A summary of the colossal labor of the reconstruction of Tokyo appears in *The Japan Advertiser* of that city, and reads:

> "Seven first-class new bridges; 400 secondary bridges; fifty-two trunk roads; seventy-three secondary roads; three new parks; 117 new schools; 203,000 new buildings.
>
> "Staggering as those figures are, the reader who would understand them must follow the Emperor's example, and spend half a day in seeing at one view the broad picture of a remade city.
>
> "His Majesty drove over twenty-two miles of new main roads yesterday. He stopt at some half-dozen points where a specially impressive view was to be obtained or a notable institution inspected. At the Hall of the Nameless Dead he paid reverence to the spirits of the victims. A few minutes later at the Chiyoda Primary School, turning from death to life, he saw how the nation has faith in the future.
>
> "It was a picture which few monarchs in history have seen—a new capital risen in six years from the ashes of an unsurpassed calamity.
>
> "It would be difficult to guess what created the greatest impression when the picture as a whole is so overwhelming.
>
> "The long drive along the magnificent Showadori, a great boulevard which pierces the city where formerly was a network of mean streets, was the most effective single example which could have been chosen of the new roads which are the groundwork of reconstruction."

Ten years ago, this American-owned Tokyo newspaper recalls, when Tokyo streets were for the most part unpaved alleys, dusty in dry weather, mud in wet, it used to be said that the task of modernizing them was quite beyond the city's capacity.

Everywhere now, it is noted, the alleys have been replaced by streets of adequate and, in some cases, of splendid width, smoothly paved and bordered with sidewalks.

To many old-timers these miles of sidewalk would be the most striking change, but, we are informed:

Times Wide World photograph

JAPAN'S GOOD-WILL AND GRATITUDE DELEGATION TO AMERICA

The Japanese Ambassador Katsuji Debuchi and the four good-will messengers. At the extreme left is Mrs. Matsudaira, sister-in-law of Japan's former Ambassador at Washington. Her daughter is at the extreme right.

> "Next in importance come the seven new bridges which span the Sumida, replacing old-fashioned, narrow structures, inadequate for the city's traffic, and devoid of engineering dignity.
>
> "The engineer of the Reconstruction Bureau has designed some 400 bridges in all—more, it is said, than any other engineer has ever done in a lifetime.
>
> "They vary, of course, but on the whole, foreign engineers and architects are very favorably imprest.
>
> "Next to the new streets, nothing has more transformed the appearance of the city than those handsome new bridges in iron and white granite, which span the moats and inlets of the city."

At the same time *The Japan Advertiser* is careful to note that many of the buildings erected in the new city are "flimsy and flamboyant."

The old custom by which every house and shop is an individual structure has made for wild diversity of style, and we are told:

> "Parts of the new Ginza look as if a party of Japanese architects, after a tour of the world, had wakened up on Coney Island and immediately begun to draw elevations.
>
> "But they are cheap and temporary structures; and cheap and temporary construction is really a priceless asset to a city in course of transformation.

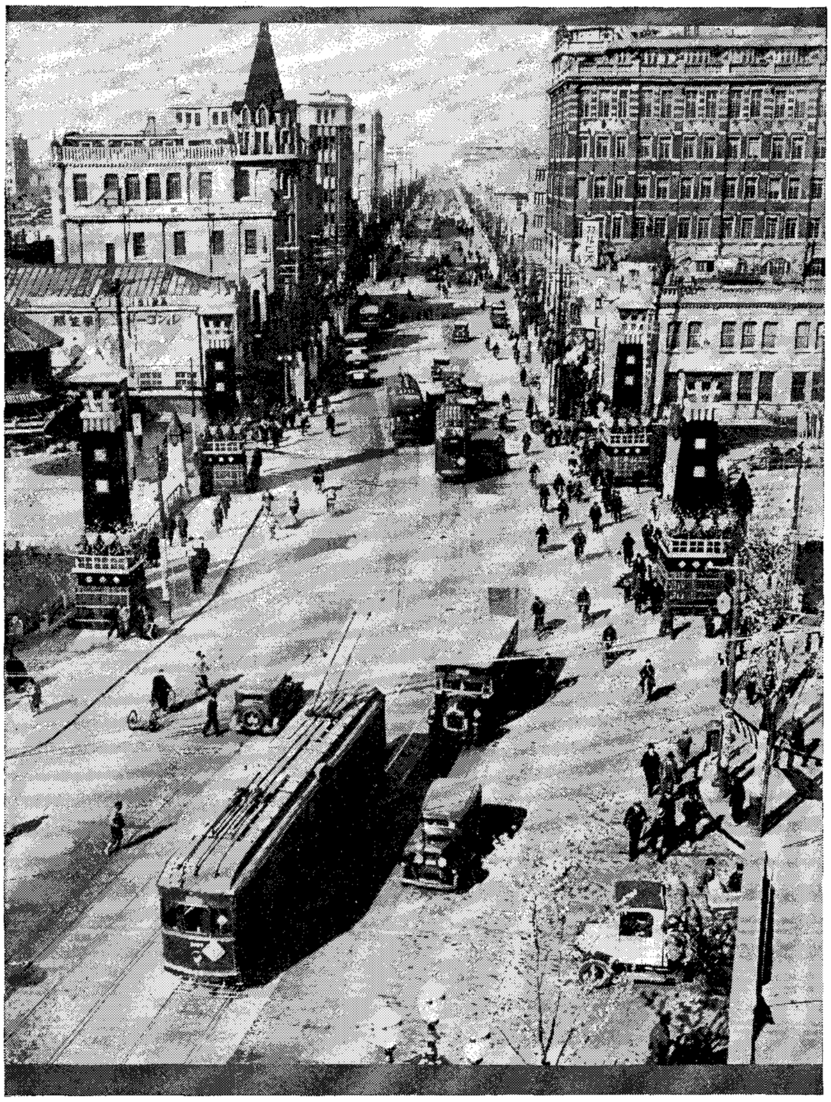
"In time Japanese taste will reassert itself, and more harmonious ideas will prevail.

"The Japanese people are still in the full fever of adapting their houses to the new ways of life. The next generation will have clearer ideas of what is necessary and seemly.

"Meantime the city has been given a scientific plan on which to grow. Those magnificent arteries will in due time be lined with buildings worthy of them."

The work of reconstructing Japan's capital, observes the Osaka *Mainichi*, cost something like $400,000,000, and this newspaper continues:

"We pay our respects to the people of Tokyo at this hour of great rejoicing as we can imagine how proud they must be of the stupendous work so successfully accomplished.



Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE REBUILT GINZA—"JAPAN'S BROADWAY"

"But one must remember that this success was made possible because of the moral and material support given the capital by the entire nation as well as the sympathetic understanding and help extended by friendly foreign nations.

"Indeed, the completion of the reconstruction of Tokyo is a manifestation of the will-power of mankind.

"The area affected in Tokyo by the great earthquake of 1923 measured 11,000,000 tsubo, about 1,000 acres, which is 46 per cent. of the entire area of the city limits.

"The Reconstruction Bureau has taken 9,200,000 tsubo of it for land readjustment. There has been no historical precedent for such a stupendous task being accomplished immediately after so great an earthquake.

"By this fact alone, Tokyo may well be proud of itself before the world."

One of the noteworthy features of the reconstruction, this Osaka daily goes on to say, was the expenditure of $19,300,000 for rebuilding one-half of the primary schools in the city. It is pointed out also that:

"Three big parks were built, the Sumida, the Hamacho, and the Kinshi, in addition to fifty-one smaller parks. These small parks were mostly built near the schoolhouses. They may be regarded as a new feature of Tokyo.

"Besides the foregoing, Tokyo has had its water-works and sewer system improved, various social welfare enterprises have been accommodated, and other great improvements have been made, indicating efforts to make Tokyo an ideal city.

"At least, Tokyo is now the model city of Japan, and stands as an example for other cities to follow.

"But the completed reconstruction work is only the beginning of what is expected of Tokyo.

"The real work is hereafter."

A FRENCHMAN'S TIP TO UNCLE SAM

AMERICA'S ALLEGED ATTITUDE of always staying outside but looking "meddlesomely" in on European affairs is frequently criticized by European editors.

Uncle Sam, they say, should either take a whole-hearted share in the problems of Europe consequent on the war, or he should let Europe manage its own affairs, and keep his hands off.

Now we find a well-known Paris journalist, André Geraud, "Pertinax" of the *Echo de Paris*, giving a straight talk along these lines.

It was at the closing banquet of the American Society of Newspaper Editors at Washington that he spoke. As quoted in a dispatch from that city to the New York *Times*, he paved the way for his remarks by saying:

"I am told, that your government is more broadminded than ours, that it doesn't resent in the least the shafts of well-meant criticism, and even is thankful for them.

"What a fortunate people you are! We in Europe have got, in addition to many other undesired monopolies, the monopoly of supercilious, jealous, and intolerant statesmen."

The European problem, Mr. Geraud continued, can not even be exprest in stable terms as long as the American unknown factor has not been replaced by a definite figure—positive or negative. He added:

"You are supposed to be omnipotent, and recently you had only to take the trouble to file a request to get from proud England a 50-per-cent. share in the imperium of the seas. You have imposed on the whole of Europe the Covenant of the League of Nations—it was embodied in the Treaty of Versailles to suit the home politics of one of your residents and, as a result, the whole development of post-war Europe was prejudiced.

"Under your influence, the occupation of the Ruhr was scrapped, and the Dawes plan, to be followed by the Young plan, made a substitute for it.

"Only two years ago you intimated that you were willing to sign the Pact of Paris and, as a consequence, the League's Covenant, your own creation of nine years before, was thrown back into the melting-pot.

"You are more than any other factor the cause of political Europe, as it stands to-day.

"However, when provision has to be made for the defense of what is, to such a great extent, your own work, you decline all responsibility.

"Such an interference, if severed from all responsibility, can not go on forever.

"You will have to make your choice.

"Either you will accept some kind of responsibility for the advice you give or, in the long run, little heed will be paid to your advice."

GERMANY'S "SACK-SUIT CHANCELLOR"

GERMANY'S NEW MINORITY GOVERNMENT is said to be arousing more interest in the mind of the average citizen than any Cabinet of the past years.

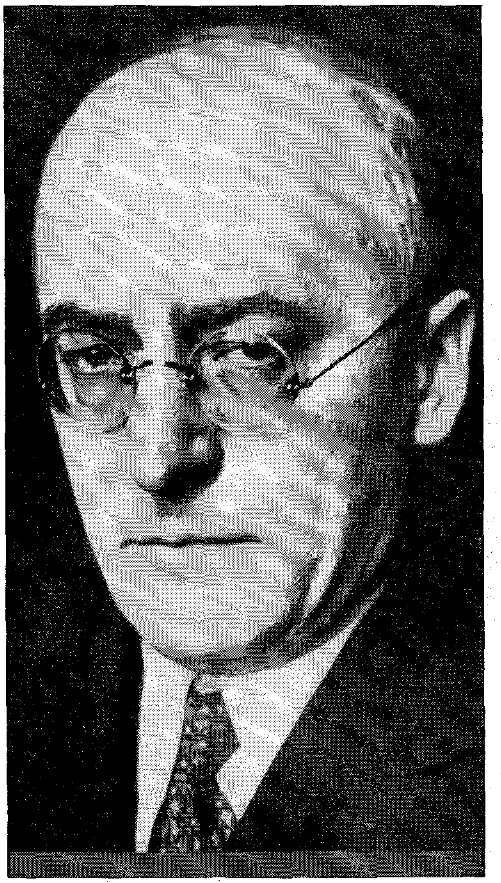
Chancellor Henry Bruening is at the head of it, and his personality and career attract wide attention among German and Austrian newspapers.

A middle-aged little man, self-effacing, ascetic, and amiable, the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* pictures him—altogether unimpressive, small of figure, slight of feature.

He is always drest in black, we are told, and no mortal ever beheld him in anything but his black sack-suit.

Not even on the hottest summer days does he wear any other kind of garb, and this Vienna daily continues:

> "For that matter, it is very doubtful whether for this man there ever was such a thing as a hot summer's day.
>
> "From desk to conference-room, then into dark or half-dark nooks, he goes, year in, year out.
>
> "His passion is for the game of politics, a game that knows no rest from the onward course of world history.
>
> "His is not the grand manner of the operatic star.
>
> "He is an expert in the new manner—a phrase which, if it were not somewhat reminiscent of the day before yesterday, would have to be coined afresh to fit his form of capacity.
>
> "This new figure in the German political firmament is universally dreaded because of his tiny voice. For that reason, his party has never chosen him as its spokesman oratorically—not even when he already had the leadership of it in his own small, slim white hands.
>
> "For people must move with infernal stealthiness when Bruening speaks. His fine, almost inaudible accent can barely be caught by the ear. And yet it conveys more than all the trumpetings of the grand party orators of the operatic-star type.
>
> "People must really be quiet to hear him.
>
> "That is the way with this new power in the German Government.
>
> "He delivers a two-hour, fully finished, highly significant address for the sake of hanging upon it an incidental statement—and this incidental utterance—if he makes it audibly—contains his decision."



International Newsreel photograph

"SELF-EFFACING, ASCETIC, AMIABLE"

Dr. Bruening, it is noted by the press, is the leader of the Catholic Center party. According to the Berlin correspondent of the London *Observer*, his Cabinet is "permitted to function only by the benevolent neutrality of the redoubtable Hugenberg and his Nationalist party."

The defeat of the Nationalists on the referendum on the Young plan, we are told, taught them that popular feeling has not yet swung round sufficiently to warrant new elections. To the Socialist-Democratic *Vorwaerts*, Dr. Bruening's temperament is "weirdly unintelligible," but the Hamburger *Fremdenblatt* declares:

> "Not only in capacity for leadership but in ability to reconcile differences, Dr. Bruening is well equipped.
>
> "He is at the most competent period of man's life—forty-five years of age.
>
> "He blends, as his friends say, elasticity with youthful spirit as well as with practical experience of a kind only to be gained through intensive and responsible activity with political affairs.
>
> "During the World War he was on the Western front, steadily engaged with a division of sharpshooters in machine-gun practise.
>
> "His education had rather more than average scope. His school days were spent in his Münster birthplace. He studied next at the universities in Munich, Strassburg, and Bonn, his specialties having been history, philosophy, and sociology. He passed his examination for the highest degrees and, in due time, traveled through France and England, studying the economic life of those nations, and returning in time to take a degree in economics.
>
> "Economics was the theme to which he devoted his mind, and thus he equipped himself for a post in the Prussian public works department. Later, he was an official of the German National Industrial Council.
>
> "He was elected to the Reichstag in 1924, sitting as a deputy for the Center party, from a Breslau district.
>
> "He soon established his leadership through unwearying industry and exceptional intelligence, applying himself to financial problems. In December of last year he became the official leader of the Catholic Center party.
>
> "In the field of foreign politics he has been active, also. At the first Hague Conference he dealt more particularly with the Rhineland question.
>
> "He owes his chief distinction to the success with which he has labored for unity of action within his own party, and to the ability with which he has established himself since as its leader."

GANDHI'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

INDIA'S CRUSADER of civil disobedience, Mahatma Gandhi, may quite likely lead his followers to disaster, it is said. But in that case, the claim is made that the effects will damage his opponents even more than his followers.

So writes Stephen Gwynn in the London *Fortnightly Review*. There are things that neither disaster nor ridicule can kill, declares Mr. Gwynn. Whatever India may be, he adds, and it is certainly not a nation nor a race, Great Britain has made it into a community and the community is becoming politically self-conscious. We read:

> "It has an unassuaged pride, and nothing is more explosive.
>
> "Beyond all reasonable doubt, India does not need democracy, nor, one may be sure, does it want freedom in any sense that we in this island give to that word.
>
> "But a community in that stage needs leadership, and feels the need of it.
>
> "It needs leadership of its own.
>
> "The weakness of Lord Irwin's position is that neither he nor any Englishman can give such leadership to India. And tho it is argued plausibly, and cogently, that no Indian can hope to be accepted as the leader of all India, whereas the alien, standing aloof from all jealousies of race or caste or religion, can be the impartial governor, that argument denies at once the whole possibility of native leadership, and thwarts the craving which Mr. Gandhi's assumption of command to some extent must satisfy, even among Moslems.
>
> "In the conflict, Lord Irwin has on his side command of force with no material force arrayed against it; he has even the general recognition that he will be loath to use force, as well as the general knowledge that he will not shrink from any duty—not even the use of force.
>
> "He has also for him all the arguments that arise from prosperity actually created by skilful and scrupulous administration."

Against these advantages Mr. Gwynn declares that he can see nothing Mr. Gandhi possesses, except the personal quality of inspiring men to action—and more than that, the instinct which delights to see leadership exercised by one's own kind.

LETTERS AND ART

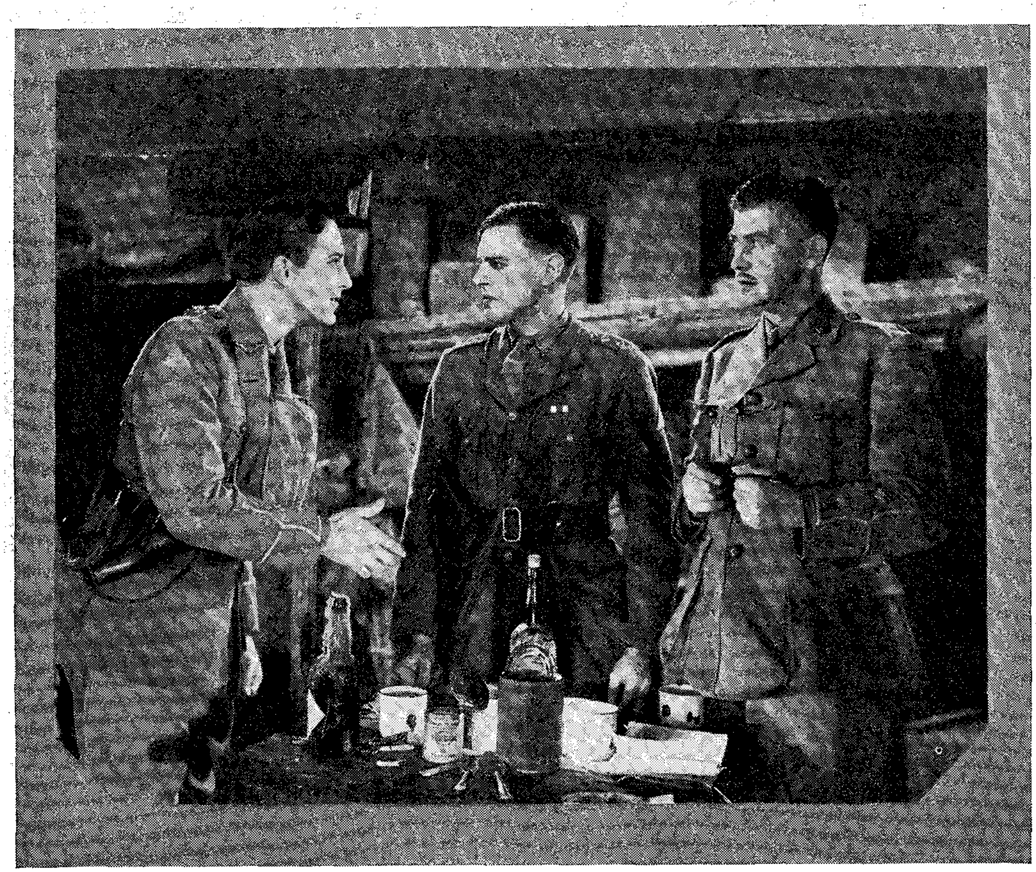
LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

"JOURNEY'S END" WITHOUT BENEFIT OF HOLLYWOOD

THE CRITICS GIVE THANKS that "Journey's End" is not Hollywood.

It is by Hollywood, but not of Hollywood.

"It would have been so easy," says Richard Watts, Jr., in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "for the cinema business men to toss aside some of the austerities of the original text and substitute their quota of the shoddy qualities that are supposed to come under the head of box-office."



LIEUTENANT RALEIGH (David Manners) *CAPTAIN STANHOPE* (Colin Clive) *LIEUTENANT OSBORNE* (Ian MacLaren)

THE UNWELCOME SCHOOL-FELLOW

But the screen version of the Great War play emerges almost without flaws, and leaves only the fundamental question of whether you prefer your voices straight or screened. Martin Dickstein of the Brooklyn *Eagle* finds the film version the better exhibition. "In this case the audible screen convincingly demonstrates that as a dramatic medium it is superior to the stage." The reason:

> "For the major part the talking film interpretation of 'Journey's End' does follow the original production faithfully enough, it is true, but it is in those passages which could not be depicted within the limits of a stage that the film achieves its most satisfying moments.
>
> "Thus in the climactic scenes, which picture the raiding party stealthily making its way across No Man's Land (the episode which was left to the imagination in the stage production), 'Journey's End' offers you one of the most dramatic bits of action that the theater has ever availed."

The original "Journey's End" has celebrated a full year's run on the New York stage, and over that in London. Tho much has been written about it, in these pages and elsewhere, here is its story in brief:

> "'Journey's End' tells about that chapter in the war which concerned a group of British officers who made their headquarters in a dugout up near the front line in 1918.
>
> "Perhaps you needn't be told again about the battle-hardened company commander, *Captain Stanhope*, who was content to go on fighting so long as he had plenty of whisky to keep up his courage.
>
> "And then, you may remember, a new second lieutenant came up to the line to join *Stanhope's* company, and this *Lieutenant Raleigh* was the brother of the captain's sweetheart back in England. *Stanhope's* one consuming fear was that *Raleigh* would write home and tell his sister that the man she loved was not the clean-living fellow she had known before the war, but a swearing, nerve-shattered drunkard.
>
> "And so *Captain Stanhope* developed a keen resentment toward his junior officer, an attitude which was never quite overcome until young *Raleigh* was fatally wounded on the morning of the big attack."

The screen version was directed by James Whale, who was also responsible for the New York and London productions. Mordaunt Hall gives in the New York *Times* the story of the hurry to Hollywood of London's leading man:

> "A good idea of the pains taken to make 'Journey's End' a distinguished work is to be gained from the fact that when everything was ready for the film, Mr. Whale, after looking at many players, insisted on having Colin Clive, who was playing *Captain Stanhope* in the London stage production, impersonate the leading character in the film.
>
> "Maurice Browne, the London stage producer, granted permission for Mr. Clive to go to Hollywood to act in the talking picture.
>
> "Mr. Clive took the first steamship for New York and the first train out of New York for California. He is one of the few actors who have traveled more than twelve thousand miles to play a single rôle in a picture.
>
> "The mere fact that he was needed back in London as soon as possible evidently did much to hasten the production of the film, and this haste did not in any way militate against the final result. Mr. Clive was only three weeks in Hollywood, and the film took a matter of seven weeks in all to produce."

The chance to debate the stage and screen versions only adds fillip to the play's interest. Richard Watts, Jr., writes in *The Herald Tribune:*

> "Any one who has loved the local stage version is bound to make comparisons about the acting.
>
> "Colin Clive, who played *Stanhope* in London, is a fine, honest, and thrilling player, who looks something like Walter Huston.

"It seemed to me, however, that he possesses a certain stolidness that fails to show the tragic touch of neurotic, sentimental weakness that makes *Stanhope* so poignant and touching a character. Therefore he is, in my estimation, less moving in the part than is Colin Keith-Johnston, of the New York stage company. Ian MacLaren is a perfect *Osborn*, every bit as good as is Leon Quatermaine, of the Broadway version, and Anthony Bushell makes the weakling *Hibbert* less pathological than does Jack Hawkins on the stage. All of the players, tho, are effective and do their part in making 'Journey's End' a very gallant motion-picture."

Tho coming late, there is William Bolitho's comment in the New York *World* on Mr. Sherriff's play, which shows with what ideals the British soldier fought the war:

> "All nations drawn into this last 'great battle in the West' seem, looking back, to have prepared the souls of their young men for it through the whole of their histories.
>
> "Each national culture had its own style of doing this.
>
> "The English preparation, it seems to me, was poetical.
>
> "There is an obscure presentiment in all their poets from Shelley, perhaps from Shakespeare, to Browning, and even Kipling. They were all steeped to an incredible degree in poetry, this generation that stumbles up the stairs with *Stanhope* into eternal loss; more than you would believe actually died with lines of poetry on their lips; and a poetical attitude to life and death can easily be mistaken unwarily for a young, immature one.
>
> "So they died, whose irreplaceable loss England will probably feel for as many centuries as the passing of Arthur in that other Western campaign, *Stanhope* and his crowd, not with philosophical, nor even with entirely patriotic, motives in their hearts, but with something I find much finer and more touching."

THE COVER—Here is a picture that will repay preservation. It is obviously not our country. When we know that the painter, Iwan F. Choultsé, is Russian and the country pictured is the Basque, we get an intriguing mixture of foreign influences. The painter was born in Petrograd in 1874:

> "His fame dates from the first Exhibition of his works at the 'Académie des Beaux-Arts' in his native city twenty-five years ago, and has steadily increased ever since. At that time the artist traveled a great deal in Europe, Asia, Egypt, and the Arctic Regions; he devoted several years to the intensive study and observation of nature, his chief endeavor being the characterization of light and atmosphere.
>
> "Leaving Russia after the Revolution, he settled in Paris. His private Exposition there met with such exceptional success that all of his works were sold within a few days. In London, where he exhibited for the first time in March, 1927, all of his paintings were sold within six days of the opening of the Exhibition.
>
> "His chief characteristic is that he gives the most perfect expression of nature with a strength and reality never before equaled by any painter. In the words of the London *Times*, Iwan Choultsé's paintings 'must be seen to be believed.'"

Elsewhere we read:

> "These canvases may as well be viewed and accepted for what they appear to be. If there is a secret in the way colors are mixed for manifold degrees of luminosity, it will hardly be divulged. It is said of the artist that he never sits before a scene and tries to paint it. He charges his vision with scenic images, and his brush becomes bewitched in giving them embodiment."

NATURAL HISTORY OF A SONG

YOU KNOW THE "Maine Stein Song."

Nobody with a radio has missed it.

But whence it came, and how it happened to sweep the country, is made clear by the New York *Times*. "The mysterious thing about it has been its lack of connection with any of the usual backgrounds for popular songs." But its history is both sentimental and practical:

AMENITIES IN THE DUGOUT: CHAMPAGNE AND CHICKEN FOR DINNER

> "It is not a theme song, and no musical comedy, revue or talking-picture has featured it.
>
> "Simply through being played persistently everywhere, it has become the best-known tune on the air to-day, and it has all happened within a few weeks, and for no obvious reason.
>
> "A week or so ago the Portland *Press Herald* revealed the origin of the song, tho no explanation of its sudden rally was given.
>
> "In 1902 Prof. A. W. Sprague of the music department of the University of Maine adapted a march, 'Opie,' composed by Bandmaster Fenstad of the United States Army, for the use of students. Lincoln W. Colcord of the class of 1904 wrote the words.
>
> "The university band played the tune often, and it became popular locally.
>
> "It was much used again when the Second Maine Infantry of the State National Guard went to the Mexican border in 1916.
>
> "When this company became the 103d Infantry of the Twenty-sixth Division and went to France, its band was still composed largely of former Maine University students, and in its first engagement the bandsmen were called on to act as stretcher-bearers at Belleau Wood. Several of them were killed, many were injured, and after that the Maine Stein Song became sacred to the veterans of the old 103d. Naturally the new 103d has adopted it as its regimental march, and it will certainly be heard often when the Maine outfit goes to Camp Devens this year.
>
> "What the Portland newspaper apparently did not know is why the song has suddenly swept into nation-wide popularity.
>
> "A reporter for *Variety* gives us the rest of the story.
>
> "The National Broadcasting Company wanted to test a theory 'that radio as a song-plugger tops all other mediums.' It had acquired the entire files of Carl Fisher when that concern was merged with Feist's into the Radio Music Corporation.
>
> "Search of the old catalogs revealed this song, of which not a copy had been sold for twenty years.
>
> "A modern orchestration was made, and the first 'plugging'

was assigned to Rudy Vallee. Constant repetition by every station from coast to coast has produced the desired effect. Radio authorities suspected that broadcasting was more effective than any other method of popularizing a tune.

"Now they know it.

"The sales for the past two weeks [ending April 19] reached 250,000 copies."

MAKE THE CHILDREN LIKE MUSIC

"CATCH THEM YOUNG," if you wish to have an audience of intelligent listeners to music.

For the past seven or eight years baits have been thrown out in various parts of the country in special concerts for children.

In New York, Walter Damrosch began it with the Symphony Orchestra, and has now sought a wider-spread audience in the radio-broadcasting field.

With the amalgamation of the New York Symphony and the Philharmonic, Mr. Damrosch's earlier work has been taken over by Ernest Schelling, and the success and future effectiveness of these concerts is guaranteed by the efficient interest of Mrs. Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the Young People's Concert Committee. What the future will show for these efforts in New York and elsewhere is prophesied by Olin Downes, in the New York *Times:*

MRS. CHARLES E. MITCHELL

Sponsor.

"Future audiences will undoubtedly be much better informed and accustomed to orchestral compositions than the majority of the present musical public.

"They will start, in many cases, where their parents stopt; they will develop standards of taste and solidly founded opinion befitting equally the cultivated amateur or professional musician.

"The musical education of children is certain to reach far and in many cultural directions.

"It is the custom still to think of the American public as inexperienced and poorly informed in matters of art, and this is still true outside of the big civic centers, altho it might be asked here if a provincial town in France had very much more genuine culture than a town such as Poughkeepsie. However this may be, another quarter of a century will recite a different story as regards the musical knowledge of the American people, and the change will owe much to the symphony concerts now given in many principal cities, for children."

ERNEST SCHELLING

Conductor.

The aim of these educational concerts given for children, so Mrs. Mitchell is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is to develop intelligent listeners and appreciators of the best in music." Encouragement for future efforts are seen in that—

"Definite results have been achieved by these concerts, as shown in the children's written examinations turned in at the end of each series.

"These show an extraordinary knowledge of all the instruments in the orchestra, as well as the compositions played."

Reverting to Mr. Downes, we find how the whole movement of children's orchestral concerts is spreading:

"Next season, Mr. Schelling will give a series of children's concerts in Philadelphia, with the Philadelphia Orchestra; in Boston, with the Boston Symphony; in Newark, with the Newark Philharmonic; and in New Haven, with the New Haven Symphony Orchestra.

"He has been invited as far afield as San Francisco, where the city's symphony orchestra instituted children's concerts three years ago.

"Other invitations have come from Minneapolis and St. Paul, in the United States, and from Paris and Rome.

"In Stockholm, entering a museum and asking to see material pertaining to the musical education of young people, Mr. Schelling was shown an example of the copy-books he distributes to those who attend the Philharmonic-Symphony's children's concerts, in this city! These facts are mentioned as testimony not merely to the work of an individual, but of an educational method which is rapidly gaining in popularity in this country, and provoking reactions outside as well as within its borders."

The task of the musician who attempts to interest young and very young people in a serious way in an art has unique difficulties. Thus:

"First of all, it is work which requires a particular predisposition on the part of the interpreter.

"It then requires a great deal of sheer industry and unabating experiment.

"Any and every way to concentrate the interest of the young audience upon music, and make the experience genuinely attractive and memorable—any way in which this can be done, one would say, is the way to pursue. Mr. Schelling appeals to the play impulse, to the instinct of competition, to the impetus which develops in any study with personal participation, as when the children sing together, or express opinions and preferences regarding the music performed.

"He also appeals to the eye, which so readily companions the ear and quickens the imagination.

"Forty-five hundred lantern slides have been made of instruments, scores, figures of men prominent in musical history, and ceremonies contingent upon music.

"A small model in the lobby of the hall, before which long lines of children have been seen waiting their turn to look, has later been thrown, in sections and greatly enlarged, on the screen. It is a model of an instrument-maker's shop, with parts of violins and instruments in every stage of construction shown.

"'It interests the boys,' says Mr. Schelling.

"The boys like something tangible and something that savors of handicraft, in dealing with music.

"The audience of children sings some well-known and popular song—the 'Marseillaise,' the old Russian hymn, the 'Bluebells of Scotland,' airs easily remembered and liked.

"This is a feature of every concert.

"But it is not merely a question of the singing of a familiar song; it is a question of how well and with how much spirit and effect the song is sung. . . .

"The history of the instruments used to-day, which can be made picturesque and fascinating, or dry as dust, according to the originality of the speaker, is told, and pictures of the ancestors of the instruments we know shown, and their characteristics explained.

"At one of the children's concerts of last winter, Mr. Schelling took advantage of the presence in this country of the 'Société des Instruments Ancien,' and his audience had opportunity of comparing in actual performance the instruments of the violin family and their ancestors, the *quinton*, the *viole d'amour*, *viole da gamba*, *basse de viole*, and also the precursor of the piano, the clavecin."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

BANNING BABY BRIDES IN INDIA

A WIFE AT EIGHT.
A mother at twelve.
An old woman at twenty.

That, in brief, marks the careers of unnumbered millions of little girls in India.

But in the years to come the girls of British India may have their childhood, for the Legislature has passed a law—it went into effect April 1—banning the marriage of girls less than fourteen and of boy's less than eighteen. It is the code of the most civilized nations.

Photograph by H. R. Ferger. Courtesy of *The Missionary Review of the World*

A CHILD HUSBAND AND HIS LITTLE BRIDE

Yet religious resentment showed itself at once, and on the day before the new law went into effect, dispatches tell us, thousands of child marriages were hastily performed. Thousands more were added to the 250,000 wives and widows below the age of five and the 2,000,000 below the age of ten. According to the census of 1921, 40 per cent. of the girls between ten and fifteen were married.

The new measure, the Ottawa *Journal* informs us, is only one of many efforts to improve the status of women in India. "Its advocates," we read, "look upon it as the most far-reaching piece of legislation affecting the status of women since Lord Bentinck's regulation abolishing suttee—the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands. It was one hundred years ago that the British succeeded, in the face of much native opposition, in the elimination of this hideous Hindu rite."

The new law, too, will be stubbornly opposed, observes the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "but the indications are that the Government will sternly enforce it as one of the many responsibilities which have been called the 'white man's burden' in Oriental countries." For, we read:

> "The new law is a great step forward in correction of a tragic and terrible condition.
>
> "It is, however, only a partial remedy
>
> "There are 700 native Princes in India who rule as absolute monarchs in their own provinces. British law will not encroach on their prerogatives. In a large part of India the evil condition of childhood has as yet no cure except the slow progress of education, a process which has been pitifully ineffective against the old habits of Mother India.
>
> "But something has at last been done, and the Western world will hope that the good results of British policy will become an impressive argument to the Indians themselves to be done with a savage custom and all its evil consequences."

While the law is resented in some quarters, notes the Troy *Record*, "it is significant that it was introduced in the legislative body by a Hindu member, and was passed by the representative body by the emphatic vote of 67 to 14. This expression shows that while the measure might have been suggested by the British authorities it was approved by the representatives of the natives of India. Previous to the passing of the law last September and since its enactment, prominent men and women of India have been its ardent proponents, and the support accorded it by the British authorities might have been induced by a desire to comply with the sentiment of the country."

But unless the new marriage law is enforced better than have been the compulsory education statutes, it can not be as effective as should be hoped, says the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, which tells us that "India still ranks as one of the most illiterate lands under the sun."

On the other hand, remarks the Nashville *Banner*, "any understanding of Great Britain's colonial policies leads to knowledge of the fact that it never undertakes a reform of any sort in the social realm until it has become convinced that the process of education and enlightenment has gone along far enough to give said reform a fair chance of success." And, says *The Banner:*

> "Great Britain does not mind difficulties in the introduction of social changes, but it has learned the folly and futility of attempting the impossible.
>
> "It has endured a tremendous flood of criticism for many years, particularly from the United States, because of its failure to try to deal with the child-marriage problem, but we dare say developments in the near future will prove how useless it would have been to make a definite move any sooner.
>
> "Already the All-India Moslem Defense Association has advised all Moslems to disobey the law and seek prosecution under its provisions. That such an attitude seems to us utterly benighted and deplorable does not alter the fact of immediate importance that it is their attitude just now, and that they are as earnest about it as can be imagined.
>
> "If the child-marriage law is enforced, in other words, it will mean a social revolution."

Some credit for the passage of the law is given by an editorial writer in *The Missionary Review of the World* to Miss Katherine Mayo's "Mother India," which excited a great furor in India at the time of its publication, and elicited much bitter comment. But granting that some of Miss Mayo's statements were exaggerated, "the evidence is overwhelming," says the writer, "that the horrors of child marriage and its resultant effect upon its helpless victims and the Hindu people are all that she represented them to be." The method she used was severe, says the writer:

> "But objections to Miss Mayo's use of a sledge-hammer should not divert attention from her success in battering a way into the wall of evil that had hitherto stood unbroached.
>
> "That she has succeeded in doing this is now clear.
>
> "It is highly unfortunate that her book caused a bitterness in India that intensified the feeling against all white people. But if she stung some Hindus to anger, she stung others to action and strengthened the hands of reformers who had long helplessly deplored the evils of child marriage."

This, we are told, is frankly admitted by Mr. Natarajan, editor of *The Indian Social Reformer*, who writes:

> "It must be admitted, too, that, while her [Miss Mayo's] poisonous generalizations about Indians, and especially about Hindus as a class, aroused resentment, her book has stimulated action which otherwise would not have come so soon.
>
> "Indian opinion is almost morbidly sensitive to Western criticism; and Miss Mayo's billingsgate has gone home more effectively than the long and patient propaganda of social reformers in many circles hitherto but slightly responsive to their reasoned arguments."

But the orthodox Hindus, we read, indignantly protest that child marriage is enjoined by their religion, and that the new law is "a wanton outrage on Hindu as well as Moslem feeling."

FOR LESS PROFANITY

"GOOD LORD, how did that happen?"

"My Gawd, ain't it awful!"

Such expressions fall daily from thousands of lips. And other irreverences in use are far worse.

Now a Protestant organization has come into being which has the same general aim as the Catholic Holy Name Society—the encouragement of clean and reverent speech. It is the Hallowed Name League, of which the Rev. Josiah R. Ellis, of Amherst, Virginia, is the general informant.

The purpose of this league, *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) tells us, is to combat the current spirit of irreverence, especially as exprest in the semi-profanity which is in vogue among a great many people who would not care to be heard emitting a round oath. And, remarks *The Christian Century:*

> "It is a good movement. The light and casual ejaculation of such expressions as 'Good Lord' and 'My God' dulls the edge of spiritual sensibility. Besides, it betrays paucity of vocabulary and deficiency of imagination. To use these and similar words without thought of their connotation of divine things is to weaken one's sense of the meaningfulness of the terms by which alone religious concepts can be exprest. What shall one do for a terminology for such religious emotions as one may have if all the available words have already been emptied of content by their habitual use as mere casual and flippant bywords? It is doubtless true that when the French say 'mon dieu' they mean no more than 'well, well'; and that our 'dear me!' is a corruption of the Italian 'dio mio.' But we gain nothing by making a literal and unidiomatic translation of the French phrase into English, and if our 'dear me' means the same as the Italian 'My God' we might as well use it and be thankful that we have an emotional equivalent which is religiously neutral. Good religion and good taste here work together. Avoidance of profanity and avoidance of vulgarity both argue against these unimaginative and irreverent uses of the name of God."

PUDDLE PONDERINGS

By Patricia Flinn

WE folks, it seems to me, are much like puddles.
A puddle's very shallow, dirty, small,
A seeming accident, a storm-born creature,
Of formless element, moulded by wall
Of brick, or mud or stone—whatever happens
To be about. Yet sometimes, in the night,
When gadfly bitten traffic stops its splashing,
A puddle may catch a shy new moon in flight,
May hold Orion for a breathless hour,
Give passage to argosies of clouds that break
And flee a pirate wind, or, softly tremulous,
Embrace dawn's early image like a lake.

And so the human puddle lifts its face
To catch, at times, the beauty of God's grace.

—*Columbia, New Haven.*

A JEW'S APPRECIATION OF JESUS

JESUS, THE JEW, is not often mentioned in the synagog. In fact, as Ernest R. Trattner tells us in *Scribner's Magazine*, there has been an amazing silence in Judaism touching the Man of Nazareth. To Dr. Trattner, who, at twenty-nine, is rabbi of the City Temple of Los Angeles, this is an astonishing paradox.

> "For Jesus was born a Jew; He lived on the ancestral soil of Palestine, never once setting His foot on alien territory; He taught a small group of disciples, all of whom were as Jewish as He; the language He spoke dript with Jewish tradition and lore; the little children He loved were Jewish children; the sinners He associated with were Jewish sinners; He healed Jewish bodies, fed Jewish hunger, turned water into wine at a Jewish wedding, and when He died He quoted a passage from the Hebrew book of Psalms. Such a Jew!"

But, as Dr. Trattner points out, the silence in Judaism on Jesus is not the result of a conspiracy. There is a paucity of mention of Him in contemporary Hebrew sources. The rabbis of His age did not recognize His greatness in the confusing din of that time. Christian persecution of the Jews in the name of Jesus was not calculated to make His name popular, and, as Dr. Trattner tells us, the early Gentile Christians regarded Jesus as exclusively their God.

They made a distinction between Him and Jehovah, the God of the Jews.

But, to-day, the silence of the centuries has been broken, and the Jew "can actually talk and write about Jesus in a free and unrestrained manner," largely because Christians themselves have begun to strip Jesus of "the ecclesiastical millinery in which He had so long been paraded before the world," and have shifted their attention from the creeds which have been built up around Him to the Man Himself.

This has meant a fresh study of the teachings of Jesus according to the best canons of modern history, psychology, and Biblical criticism. "And with this study the Jew has slowly, very slowly, arrived at an entirely new revaluation."

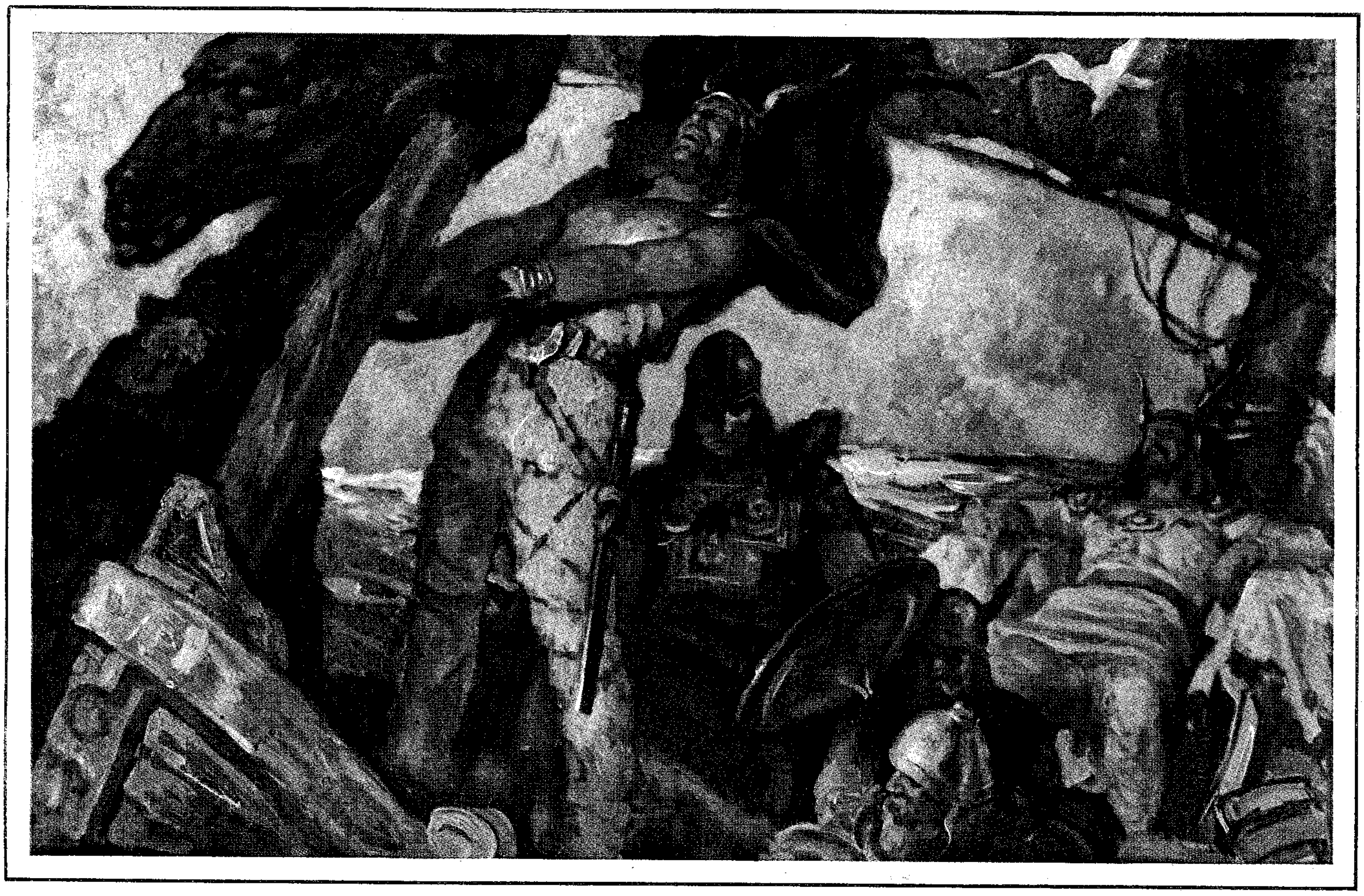
And what does the Jew find?

> "To his surprize he begins to see Jesus as an ardent Palestinian Jew of the first century using identically the same language, thought, parables, ethical concepts, and theological notions as were then in popular vogue. He need but compare the teachings of Jesus with that of an illustrious contemporary, Rabbi Hillel, to be convinced that the ideas of the Galilean were of the same flesh and blood. Like all the learned men of His age Jesus loved indefinite language, vast expressions, paradoxes, gorgeous imagery, vivid parables."

And as the modern Hebrew sees the Nazarene in the newer light, says Rabbi Trattner, "it can be readily understood that neither the man Jesus nor His teachings will continue to perpetuate the disagreement between the Jew and the Christian. Another matter altogether will keep that up—a matter not of history, or science, or biography, or ethics—but one of theology." Indeed,

> "The divinity of Jesus—by which is meant His deityship—will always strike the Jew as illogical. It was Heinrich Heine, I believe, who said that it would be forever impossible for Israel to embrace Christianity, for no other reason than the utter impossibility of getting one Jew to believe that another Jew was divine. I will not go so far as to claim that monotheism is a

Luxurious Transportation



The valiant Norsemen sailed to new continents in the most luxurious craft known to their civilization

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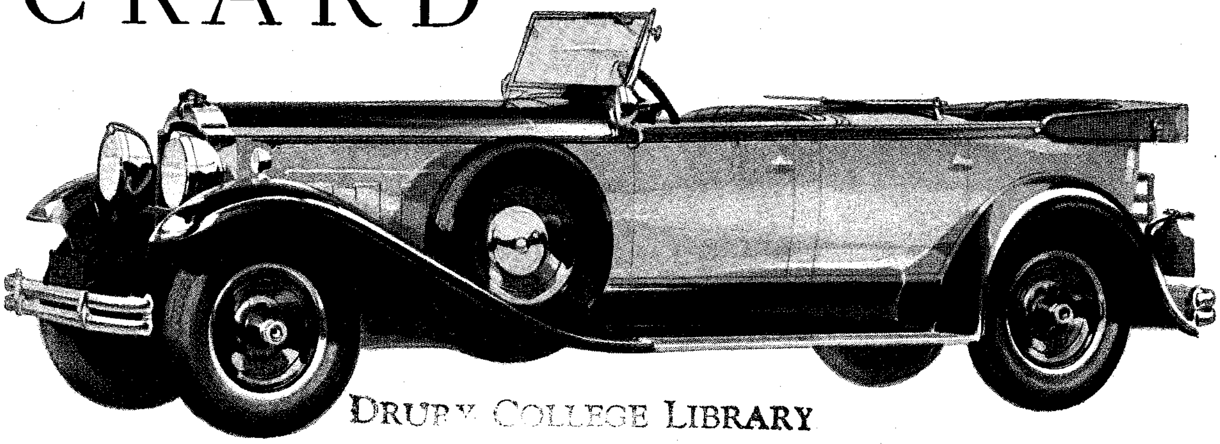
The slender grace of Packard lines has always attracted the favor of the discerning—contributed to the winning of a distinguished clientele. And in the Packard Eight Phaeton—so popular in the open-air, open-road seasons—Packard beauty reaches its most graceful expression. It is only natural that the characteristic Packard design should appeal so strongly. For behind Packard beauty itself lies the satisfying assurance that Packard does not depreciate cars in the hands of owners by frequent and radical changes in appearance. Every Packard—whether new or old—is always unmistakably a Packard!

Supreme safety, the luxury of superb performance and *beauty that is always modern* will be yours in a Packard for many long years of truly distinctive transportation.

ASK THE
MAN WHO
OWNS ONE

PACKARD



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Jewish instinct, but I do agree with Heine that the theology of the churches presents the Jewish mind with a hopeless tangle of problems.

"Theology!—there is the crux of the whole matter. The Jew would see Jesus in a Jewish framework, the churches persist in viewing Him in terms of the ancient creeds. The Jew would understand the Nazarene as a product of Jewish development on Jewish soil; the churches insist that He was the work of the Holy Ghost. The Jew would look at Him through the glasses of history; the churches encourage men to use the lenses of doctrine, specially prepared according to the requisites of a prearranged system. The intelligent Jew enjoys the Jesus of the Synoptics, the churches adore the Christ of the Fourth Gospel. And so the grand division goes on between the brethren of Jesus and His followers. . . .

"What of the future? If I may venture a prophecy I believe that the Jewish world will move toward a progressive appreciation of Jesus in proportion as the Christian world turns its back on the whole abracadabra of medieval theology.

"When that day arrives men will set new levers to raise the universe!"

THE REFUGEE

By Helen M. Salisbury

THEY told me Death had lost its sting, and yet
Their white lips trembled. Though their words were free,
Their tones fell, muffled in mortality.
And I—who thought I never could forget
The voice beneath the leaves of Olivet,
The futile tomb, the tryst in Galilee—
Felt the old fear, with man, the refugee,
And over life and love, Death's ancient threat.

It loomed, a wall across the winding years—
A ponderous breaker roaring through blurred ears—
An aching distance where beloved souls go
With backward looks through long, cold leagues of night.
Then, round a bend, I came on Death, and lo!
A flimsy curtain blowing into light!

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

"BULL PINE" REDEEMED

AT THE BASE OF SHEER SUPIN LICK, with Big North Mountain rising from the Alleghenies on the west, lies an old colonial house—an ideal retreat for the Philadelphia manufacturer who inherited it from his grandmother.

But when W. B. Clark came back to the scene of his boyhood in Shenandoah County, Virginia, it was not to enjoy a life of ease.

"Bull pine" still invaded the lean acres of his friends among the hill people; they were still eking out a precarious living by enticing frail crops from hard and stony soil.

Pocketed in the mountains which look down upon the Valley of the Shenandoah, twelve miles from the nearest railroad, without a post-office, with an inadequate school and a tiny little church in which four denominations took turns in telling the people about joy and salvation in the world to come, he found them still hard beset here and now—surrounded by the eternal beauty of the Alleghenies which they never had the leisure to enjoy.

The Philadelphia manufacturer set himself to the task at hand.

Strangely enough, he saw means in the very thing against which the people were struggling the most—the ever-encroaching "bull pine" and virgin oak. The "bull pine" was full of knots and stubborn as its name, but there was plenty of it, and plenty of nothing else.

But it was just right for small toys for small children, and a toy factory resulted. All who can swing an ax or handle a tool are members and partners in the Shenandoah Community Workers, and there is more butter for the biscuits—and more biscuits.

Nineteen animals are made and a whole aviary of birds, and, we read in the New York *Times:*

"None of them boasts more than a hint of a third dimension. They are almost as simple as silhouettes. And yet, somehow, they are distinct and delightful individuals. They have that alert freshness which one associates with European peasant work, but which was almost entirely vanished from American toys when they grew complex.

"The shops and the workmen are unpretentious and charming, like their product. The industry is as complete an example of vertical organization on a small scale as any Mr. Ford has evolved on a large one. From the dark 'bull pine' growing on the hillsides to the gay toy wrapt and stamped for mailing, all the processes of manufacture take place in the tiny valley.

"Axmen, whose skill is a family tradition, cut out the necessary trees according to approved methods of forestry. There is a portable sawmill, and a kiln for drying the boards it produces. Electricity runs machinery that cuts and sandpapers elephants and ducks. Compress air makes a paint-brush so diverting that Kipling, could he have foreseen it, would have put it into heaven in place of 'brushes of comets' hair.'

"The men make their own shipping-cases and display-signs; they have even established their own post-office so that toys could be mailed direct from Bird Haven."

So complete and self-supporting is the venture that it reminds one of childhood stories of the men who make toys in Germany's Black Forest, says the *Times* writer:

"And it is even possible that the enthusiasm of the workmen, the skill with which they handle toys and work out new methods, may partly be explained on the ground of heredity. For this is a German community, whose ancestors may very well have been bearded men bending over wooden animals in the Schwarzwald.

"It is German in no modern sense. These men with long, slim fingers and quiet faces are, if length of residence counts, more American than many a daughter of the American Revolution. Their families came to this country long before anybody thought of having a revolution. Their ancestors probably drifted down from Pennsylvania about 1730, when the more northern State was filling up with too many people, and free land was advertised in Virginia. Their names are solidly German, and while few of them speak their ancestral tongue, they remember that grandmother always talked it, and grandfather used it when he was 'feelin' right spry.'

"To call them a community is perhaps to give them too imposing a name. They do not live in a closely built settlement, there is nothing near by which resembles a village. Their homes are in separate cabins and on scattered farms. Each one prizes a pocket of valley land, or perches on the mountainside where a tilted field may be plowed.

"People like this, isolated tho they are, have a stamina and a sturdiness which enable them to escape problems sometimes present in lost valleys. Their woes are largely economic. There is not enough money. There are not enough opportunities for earning it. So they must do without many of the things that city people find essential.

"It was to help solve this question of money, to provide wages for filling in the gaps, that the Shenandoah Community Workers first ventured into business. They might never have had the ability to do it, the necessary knowledge of markets and processes, had it not been for the capable person who is their friend."

Here, then, is an attempt to take advantage of natural resources and interests of the community so that it may not be dependent on outside help. For—

"Since the limelight was turned on these lost communities there has been much vague talk of 'improving' them. There have been investigations and reports, comments and descriptions meant to be humorous and succeeding chiefly in being cruel. One might almost think that the settlements were a kind of human zoo whose inhabitants performed like monkeys, and with no more sensitiveness, for the sophisticated folk who went about poking into their homes.

"The Shenandoah Community Workers have escaped all that."

NEW CHRYSLER SIX

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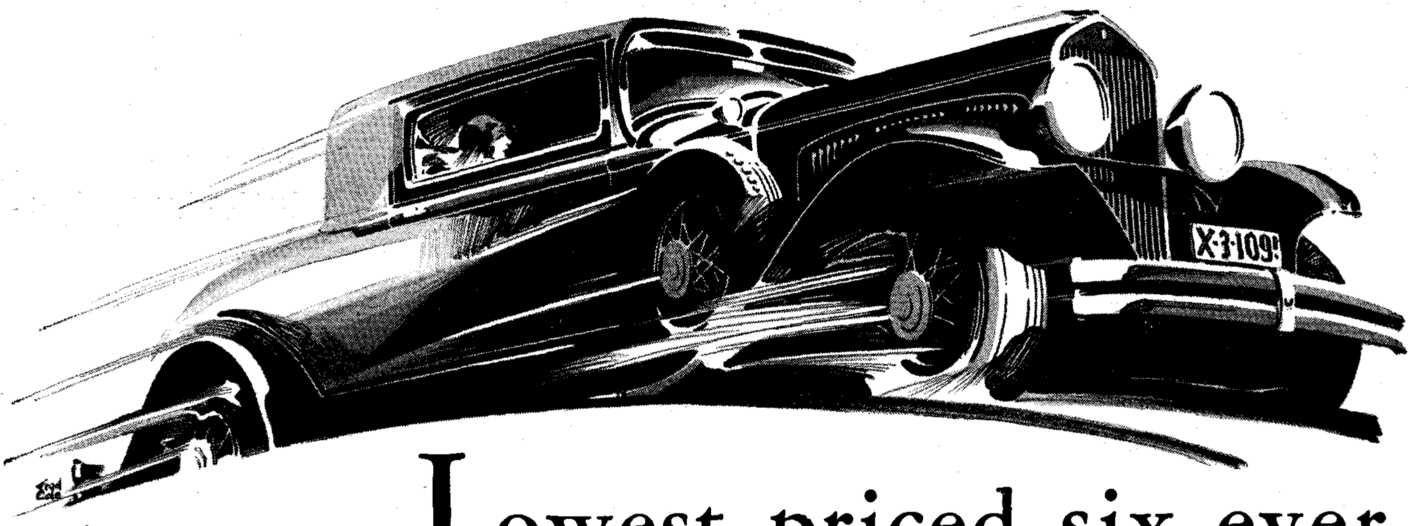

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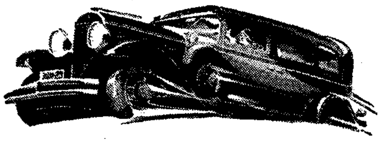

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SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

HOW SNAKE POISON KILLS

SNAKE VENOM ATTACKS THE WHOLE BODY at once, dissolving and destroying every living cell.

Other poisons are often more deadly, but they attack only a particular part of the system, such as the nerves, or one special organ, like the stomach or the heart.

From these the trouble spreads slowly, and may finally kill, but snake poison kills everywhere at once, almost like a lightning stroke.

This conclusion, drawn from recent researches by Prof. Charles H. Philpott, of Washington University, St. Louis, is described and explained in an article contributed to *The American Weekly* (New York). We read:

"For years science has regarded the poison manufactured by the germ which causes the disease known as botulism, communicated by tainted food or drink, as the most terrible on earth.

"The poison is so powerful that one teaspoonful, properly diluted, would be more than enough to kill every man, woman, and child in the world.

"But science has recently discovered that in some of its qualities snake venom is even worse.

"The botulinus toxin retains first place in its concentrated deadliness.

"But snake venom goes it one better in its effects upon living tissue. It seems to be the only poison in the world which kills a person all through his body at once.

"The toxins manufactured by the germ of botulism attack only one part of the body at a time, usually the nerves. The same is true of the next most dreaded germ toxin, that of lockjaw. Ordinary poisons, like strychnin or arsenic, usually damage one organ only, as the stomach or the brain.

"But snake venom seems to attack all kinds of living cells in the body almost equally, like a poison gas so pervasive and so fatal that if it were loosed upon a great city, every living occupant would fall victim to it at the same instant.

"Such is the conclusion which scientific men draw from the researches of Professor Philpott, who has been testing the effects of various poisons on one of the simplest creatures known to science, the slipper animalcule, known to naturalists by the name of 'paramecium.'

"These lowly creatures consist of but one living cell. Ordinary poisons leave these one-celled creatures undamaged. Prussic acid, strychnin, even the fatal toxin of the botulism germ do not harm the paramecium. But snake venom kills these animalcules as quickly in proportion as the same venoms would kill a man."

These animalcules have proved useful, Professor Philpott reports, in determining just how poisonous a sample of snake venom is. Nowadays scientists collect this venom in order to manufacture anti-toxin, which is the active constituent of the serums now used for the cure of snake bite. They need some way of testing the potency of the venom, and for these tests the tiny animalcules can be used. The writer goes on:

"In many ways these tiny creatures resemble the single living cells of which the human body is composed.

"The animalcules, like the body cells, are too small to be seen individually, except under the lenses of a powerful microscope.

"Each animalcule swims freely in the ditch water or other culture solution in which it lives. Inside each creature is the still tinier cell nucleus, like a miniature brain, which directs, biologists believe, the actions of the creature and many features of its life.

"There is a spot inside the animalcule's body, sometimes several such spots, where a small watery globule forms from time to time, bursts into the outside water and discharges its contents; a mechanism believed to be the way that these lowly creatures get rid of dangerous and unwanted bodily wastes.

"No heart, brain, eyes or ears do these paramecia possess, yet they evidently have nervous reactions of some kind; they are sensitive to light, they can eat, and move, and reproduce their kind.

"Few creatures that live on the earth to-day are so interesting to science.

"Around the outside of each of these animalcules is not a true skin, but a layer of partly hardened living matter resembling the substance of hard-boiled white of eggs. Ordinary poisons apparently can not penetrate this.

"But let a single drop of the venom of the rattlesnake be added, and the surface skin not only is penetrated, it seems actually to be dissolved.

"This is much the same kind of thing observed to happen when a rattlesnake or other poisonous reptile bites a human being. The red corpuscles of the victim's blood suffer much the same fate as the poisoned animalcules. They slowly disintegrate, setting free their vital red material, which carries the needed oxygen around the body.

"It is literally true that a dose of rattlesnake venom in a person's blood makes that blood dissolve into a liquid like colored water.

"Other effects also accompany the injection of snake venom into the human body, probably because the toxic material dissolves and liquefies other vital cells as well as those of the red blood corpuscles. This really is the chief danger of snake bite: that all the living cells suffer instead of merely a few.

"The poisons of certain germs, and two or three plant and animal poisons which resemble these germ toxins, are far more violent than chemical poisons such as arsenic or strychnin.

"The diphtheria germ, for example, can not invade the human body. All that it can do is to live on the surface of the lining of the throat where the germs manufacture large amounts of a chemical poison or toxin. It is this poison which seeps into the blood and makes the victim of diphtheria ill, or may even kill him.

"The lockjaw germs belong to this class. These germs lurk in the ground, on dirty knives or stones, rusty nails, and similar objects.

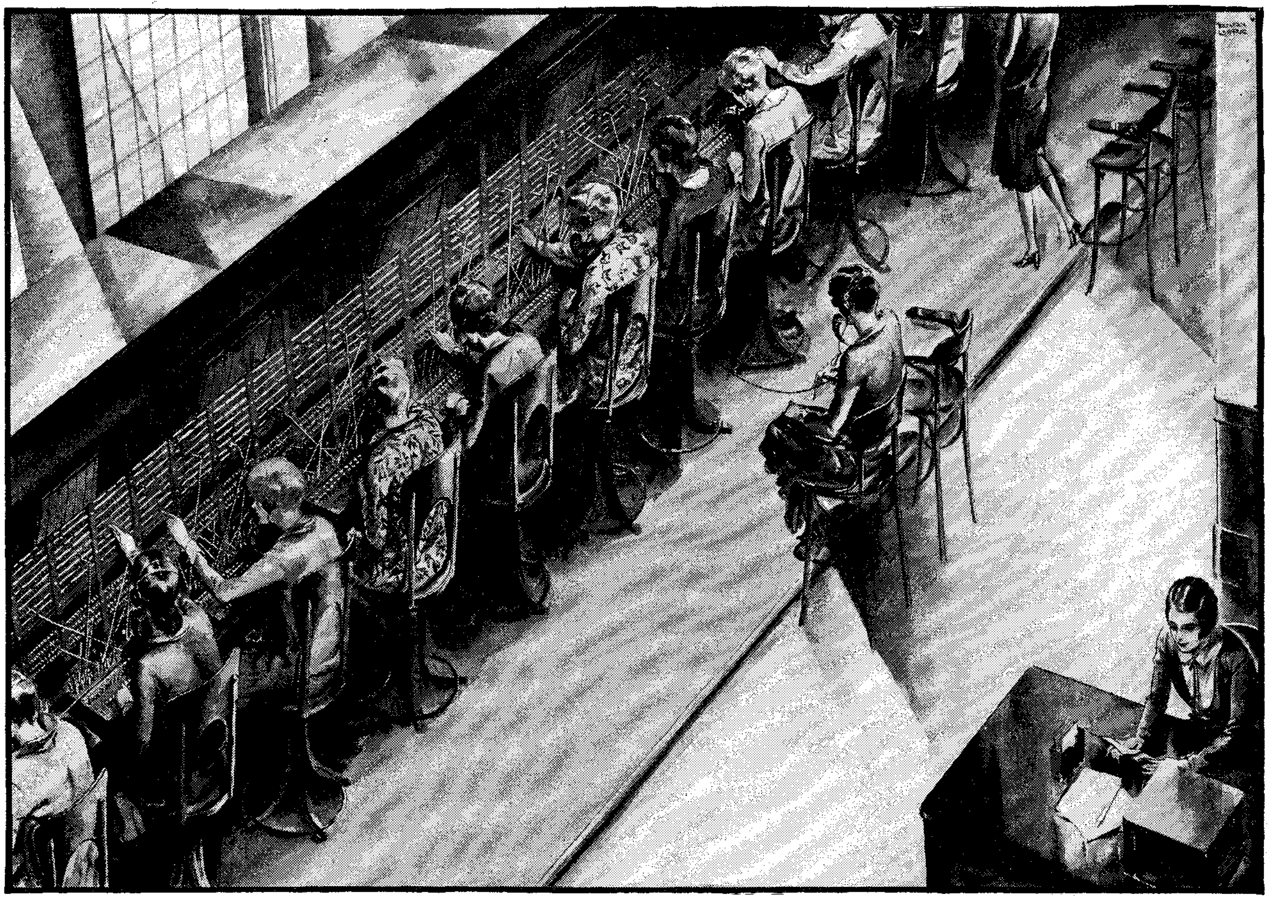
"Snake venoms, on the other hand, act, if Professor Philpott's researches mean what they seem to mean, like a universal enterer of living cells, a universal destroyer of protoplasm.

"This power of the snake venoms is probably no accident. There still exist certain lowly creatures, like jellyfish, the ancestry of which goes very far back in the history of life, and which possess venoms not unlike a snake venom.

"It is these venoms, for example, with which some kinds of jellyfish 'sting' unwary human bathers in the sea. Such poisons probably were invented by nature very early, so that these otherwise defenseless jellyfish might kill or paralyze any kind of enemy. That is why poisons of these classes still have power to kill any kind of living cell, even the lowly animalcules."

MENTAL TESTS OF NEW-BORN BABIES—Babies have been given mental tests within fifteen minutes after their arrival in this strange world, we learn from Science Service's *Daily Science New Bulletin* (Washington), which thus pursues the subject:

"Other babies need not be alarmed lest this become an American custom, for the brand-new human beings proved their independence or superiority to the mental-test ordeal. They were perfectly content to let the psychologists set them down on the record as having 'no mental integration.' Dr. Paul H. Furfey of the Catholic University of America described these unusual experiments before the American Association for the Advancement of Science recently. Sixty-two babies between the ages of fifteen minutes and fifteen days were tested, he said, to see at what stage of life a baby's general intelligence begins to function. Babies begin to display mental alertness by following moving objects with their eyes, by grasping with foot or hand when an object is placed within reach, by reacting to a bell, and by other reflexes. The ratings made by the youngest babies on some of these simplest tests led Dr. Furfey to conclude that the infant at birth is not a mental unit. By the time the baby is one month old, however, he has become an integrated mental whole, as has been previously determined. The factor which brings about this development is probably the sheathing of the nerve tracts with myelin, Dr. Furfey said."



EACH CALL MUST BE HANDLED SEPARATELY, EACH FITTED TO THE NEEDS OF THE INDIVIDUAL WHO MAKES IT

65 million calls a day . . . each one made to order

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

When you pick up your telephone, you may use $10,000 worth of equipment to talk to your neighbor three blocks away, or $10,000,000 worth of equipment to talk 3000 miles across the continent. Each call must be handled separately, each made to order.

To render this service in a way that fits the needs of the American people, the operation of the System is conducted by 24 different companies, each adapted to the area it serves.

These Associated Companies have the benefit of study and analysis by the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, leading to progressive improvements in service.

Each of the Bell Companies takes advantage of the research findings of the Bell Laboratories, commanding scientific talent unsurpassed in any industry.

The quality and precision manufacture of the telephone equipment and apparatus used by the entire System are assured by the specialized production methods of the Western Electric Company, which manufactures for the Bell System.

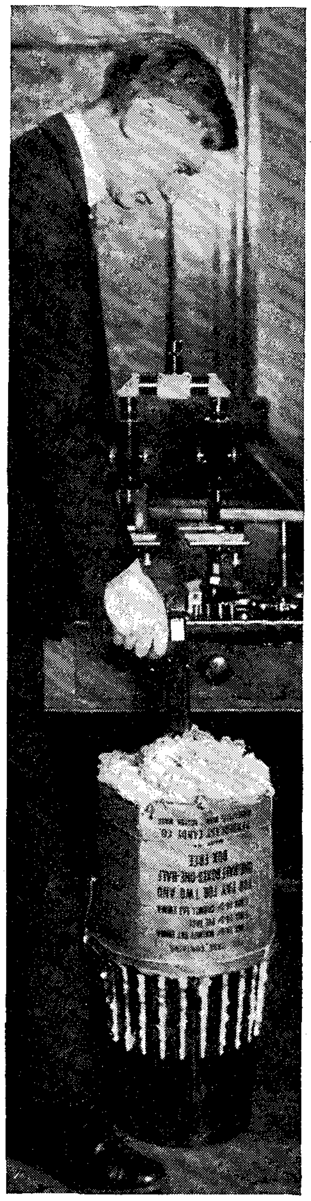
Today the Bell System is building ahead of the requirements of the public—to the end that the people of this nation may have the greater telephone facilities which they will need tomorrow.

FINGER-PRINTING GUNS AND BULLETS

WORK ON THIS SUBJECT, already noted in these columns, is being rapidly carried forward, so that the criminal's weapon may soon be as accurately identified as the criminal himself.

Prof. Charles O. Gunther, of Stevens Institute, with the aid of a fund provided by the Engineering Foundation, is conducting an investigation of the principles underlying the identification of firearms and bullets, particularly in homicide cases. Says a press bulletin issued by the Foundation (New York):

> "Professor Gunther's study not only includes an exhaustive inquiry into the markings on discharged bullets, but also embraces information to be obtained from inspection of the gun breech and empty cartridge cases.



Courtesy of C. O. Gunther, M. E.

PROFESSOR GUNTHER

> "'Ballistics now is in the same stage that finger-printing was in the days when data on the probability of duplication was being accumulated,' Professor Gunther says. 'And it is fully as promising. Building up faith in the evidence obtainable from ballistics is a matter of accumulating data over a period of time. I do not say positively that there are not two identical gun barrels in the world, but I have yet to find them.'"

Particularly is this individuality true where characteristics of the pistol barrel are concerned, his research shows. Tool marks are left by such machining processes as turning, drilling, and reaming. The tools never are in exactly the same condition, even in the boring of one barrel. The marks they leave are often so pronounced as to be visible to the naked eye. Moreover:

> "While these marks may affect bullets of slightly different dimensions in apparently different ways, the mathematical consideration of dimensional differences will give a result that is identical, and identification of the weapon is inevitable.
>
> "'The impression of the breech block on the base of the cartridge and primer, the impression of the firing-pin as formed in the crater of the primer, and the mark made by the extractor form a combination which makes it possible to identify a pistol when one or more of the ejected cartridges are available,' asserts Professor Gunther, discussing identifying characteristics other than the discharged bullet itself.
>
> "The surface of a gun's breech block is formed by filing. These file marks are distinct in each gun. The gun's extractor leaves a mark that testifies to the cartridge's position in the chamber when fired. The end of the firing-pin 'will generally show one or more circumferential tool-marks and irregularities which will leave their impression in the crater formed in the primer cup when the firing-pin is driven into the primer by a blow from the hammer.' Combined, these result in positive identification.
>
> "In his investigation he has used pistols from the highest grade to the lowest, and under widely varying conditions. To obtain unblemished bullets, he fires his pistol into a basket of cotton waste, into which the bullets penetrate only a few inches.
>
> "Among the materials that result in damaged bullets, bones cause the most confusing wreckage. Bones act on lead bullets as extremely coarse abrasives, tho they do not greatly affect steel-jacketed ones. The lead bullet fired into bones has a stippled appearance. Metals and glass 'mushroom' bullets.
>
> "Thus far, however, Professor Gunther has found that certain identifying characteristics remain even under these conditions."

HOW COMMON THINGS WORK—XII

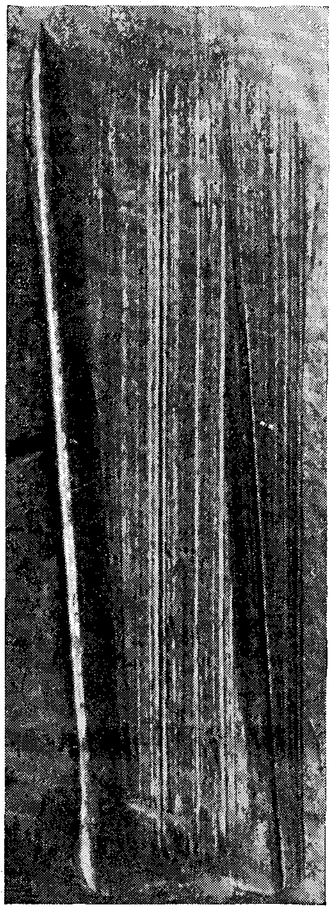
HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES: FUELS FOR HEATING

DISCUSSION IS RIFE as never before over the various fuels used to heat the house—coal, coke, fuel oil, or gas. Soft coal is excellent, but difficult to use without producing smoke.

In coke the gaseous components have been previously distilled away, but it is more expensive.

Fuel oil is increasing in popularity. Of this P. E. Fansler, editor of *The Oil Heat Magazine*, writes as follows in a number of the "Household Engineering Series" (*Good Housekeeping*, New York):

> "During the last four years several significant changes have marked progress in the application of oil heat to the home. Foremost, perhaps, has been the adoption of uniform oil specifications.



Courtesy of C. O. Gunther, M. E.

BULLET'S "FINGER-PRINTS"

Enlarged fifteen times.

> "It has taken five years of interassociation committee work and the best efforts of almost every interest involved, to bring this to pass. Oils are now being delivered and closely adhere to standards, and irregularity in fuel supply, the cause of untold trouble three and four years ago, is not a factor to-day.
>
> "A second change for the better has come about through the development of a class of burners designed particularly for smaller homes, the essential features of which are the ability to produce a definite and controllable draft by motor-driven fans and a design and construction that make possible a price about one-half that of four years ago.
>
> "To a large extent these have replaced the many cheap atmospheric burners that crowded upon the field several years ago.
>
> "These 'gravity burners' attained popularity in many sections, particularly in the West beyond the Mississippi, and undoubtedly served their purpose, as they attracted attention to the more definitely controllable type that followed, but they rapidly are passing as did the 'one-lung' automobile.
>
> "There have been two commonly accepted designations of burners, based on the methods of preparing fuels for combustion—atomizing burners and vaporizing burners. In the first class are the burners that mechanically break up the liquid oil into a fine mist, and mix this mist with air, the mixture being flammable when heated so the oil particles are turned into gas. In the vaporizing class, oil is heated in a retort or on a plate until it is gasified; this gas is mixed with air, and combustion results when the proper temperature is reached."

The atomizing type, according to Mr. Fansler, predominates to-day.

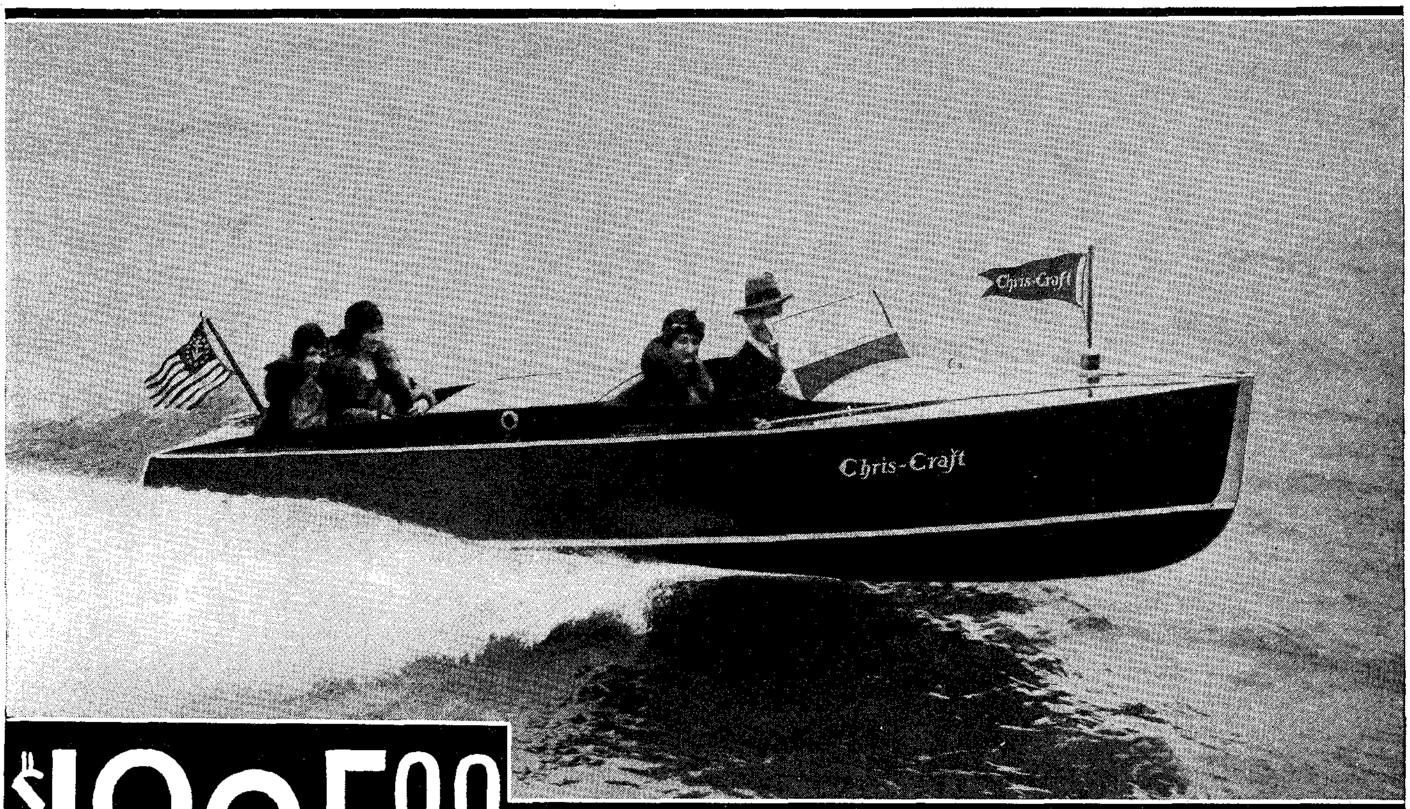
Some furnaces of this type break up the oil by the centrifugal action of a rotating cup; others use a rotating disk.

Still others use the type of atomizer employed in spraying one's nose or throat, or force the oil through a tiny hole, or beat oil and air to a froth and feed this to the burner.

In the newest development of vaporizing burners the oil is turned into gas in what resembles a firepot, and the flame burns above the top. The machinery used with oil-burners formerly made a noise, to which some users objected, but the later types are practically silent.

Gas as a fuel has long been familiar in localities where natural gas is available. Fuel gas is now sold by many of the city gas companies. It is an ideal fuel, but somewhat expensive. Says N. T. Sellman in "Heating the American Home," cited above:

A NEW CHRIS-CRAFT



$1295.00

FEATURES OF THE 17-FOOT CHRIS-CRAFT

25 miles per hour • Length 17 feet • Beam 5′ 7″ Freeboard, forward 24″ • Freeboard, aft 18″ Draught 16½″ • Double planked bottom • Positive steering control (shaft connection —no cables) • Smith Automatic bailer • Full ventilating automobile type windshield • Screw fastened throughout • Salt water equipment • Lifting ring fore and aft • Tachometer, oil pressure gauge, ammeter • Fire extinguisher, Kapoc cushions, and all accessories leaves nothing to buy.

25 Models: Runabouts—Sedans —Commuters—Cruisers—Yachts. 17 to 48 feet—$1295 to $35,000

"Now I can have a Chris-Craft!"—Instantly the thought will spring into thousands of minds upon reading this announcement. A 17-foot Chris-Craft priced at $1295! A moderate down payment will now place in your hands the finest motorboat of its size in the whole world! ◆ ◆ ◆ Chris-Craft ownership, long a source of pride to those who can afford anything they want, is now within reach of the family of moderate income. ◆ ◆ ◆ Continually increasing leadership, multiplied sales, and new economies, make it possible for Chris-Craft to offer this 17-foot luxury craft at $1295. ◆ ◆ ◆ A marvelous boat it is, true Chris-Craft in every inch of its gleaming mahogany hull, Chris-Craft in its staunch seaworthiness, Chris-Craft in its speed and complete safety. Chris-Craft quality is evident in its luxurious cushions, in the automobile type steering, starting and lighting devices, horn and windshield. Its full-powered dependable motor, its sturdy double-planked bottom and its marvelous control are typical Chris-Craft characteristics. ◆ ◆ ◆ True Chris-Craft it is, full brother to the magnificent Chris-Craft Yacht itself, and equally the envy of all beholders. To thousands who have dreamed of some day owning a Chris-Craft this announcement will mean dreams come true. See your Chris-Craft merchant today. Buy early. Make certain of delivery for a full season of outdoor joy. Write for catalog describing the entire fleet of 25 Chris-Craft models.

A few valuable dealerships are open. Wire for details.

CHRIS SMITH & SONS BOAT CO.
815 Detroit Road - - Algonac, Michigan
New York Showrooms: - 1 West 52nd St. at 5th Ave.

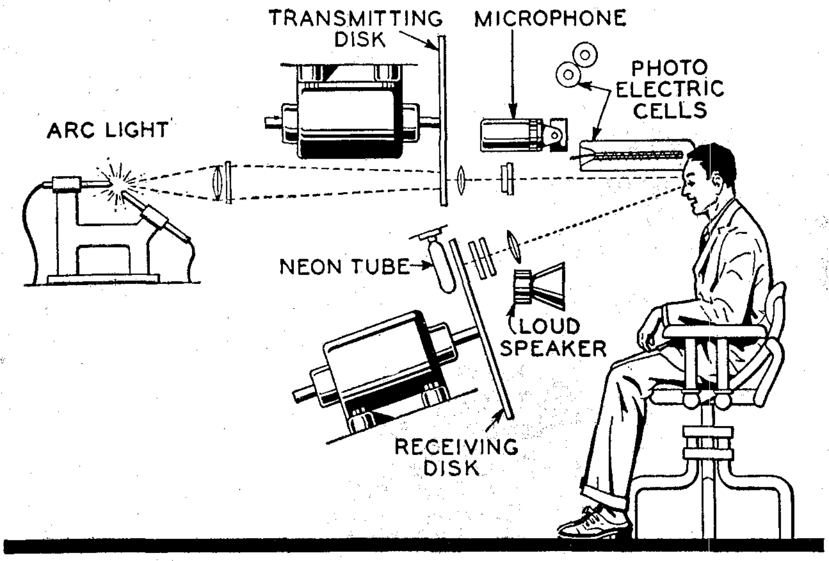
Chris-Craft
World's Largest Builders of Mahogany Motor Boats

"In order to conserve fuel and give economical operation, it is desirable to use equipment especially designed for gas.

"The boilers are heavily insulated and the flue passages long enough so that the greater part of the heat is absorbed before the chimney is reached. The burners are designed so that complete combustion results at all times and at all rates of burning.

"No soot is formed, so that the cleaning of chimneys or flue passages is eliminated. A regulator is used to keep the pressure constant, regardless of any fluctuation in the service mains. The flue gases are vented to the chimney by connections which protect the burners against excessive back drafts.

"Gas lends itself to the provision of many safety devices. For example, safety pilot lights are installed in gas-fired boilers, which automatically shut off the main gas supply, if for any reason the burner flame goes out.



Underwood & Underwood

DIAGRAM OF THE TELEVISION SYSTEM

"This makes it impossible for unburned gas to accumulate in the flue, boiler, or cellar. The gas is automatically turned off when the heat storage capacity of the boiler and heating system is reached.

"Another safety feature provides for shutting off the gas in steam boilers, in case the water goes below the required level. The conversion of boilers or furnaces built for other fuels is inadvisable if it is desired to use gas, both because economy is not obtained and it is not possible to secure the same grade of reliable automatic operation.

"As compared with other generally used fuels, heating with manufactured gas is more expensive. However, many installations are now being made in homes because of the convenience and other desirable features.

"Some of the benefits are self-evident, such as cleanliness, ease of control, and dependability.

"Gas-burning heating plants are made attractive, and because there is no dirt associated with their use the cellar can be transformed and made into a useful room or rooms."

OUR VICTORY OVER THE FRUIT-FLY—"We have met the enemy and he is ours!"

The Florida fruit-fly is no more.

The bodies of his invading legions, embalmed in millions of oranges, lie rotting in the trenches. The owners of the oranges are smiling. The Government has paid for their fruit and annihilated the enemy also. Happy Florida.

The latest from the seat of war is a dispatch to *Current Science* (Columbus, Ohio), which tells the story of the glorious victory. Here it is:

"In April, 1929, the Mediterranean fruit-fly was discovered in central Florida, infesting grapefruit and oranges. The potential damage of which this insect is capable frightened the entomologists. 'This fly will lay its eggs in almost anything except a golf-ball, and the larva which hatches will cause it to rot,' said one of them.

"Millions of dollars, and thousands of men, plunged into a real campaign. The conflict was sharp, and—it seems—has been successful. Thousands of the flies were to be caught in nets in the infested areas during early summer; not a single fly has been seen in Florida since August 7, and not a piece of fruit containing the 'maggot' since August 27. This sounds like a glorious victory!

"Four separate divisions of an 'army,' each working efficiently and thoroughly, have won the war.

"The principal ammunition in the fight against insect life is poison. Certain kinds of insects that suck plant juices must be attacked by caustics that damage their bodies; insects that chew may be killed by chemicals they take into their stomachs. Sprays were directed, in this case, against the flies themselves, as the maggots are hatched beneath the skin of the fruit, and burrow deeper during their period. The spray was a mixture of molasses, sugar, lead arsenate, and water. The entire tree was not sprinkled with this, as in most spraying of fruit-trees, but a 'shot' of about a pint sprayed into the foliage, and the flies, attracted by the sugar, would seek it out themselves.

"The commanding general in the war—which we hope is really over—was Dr. C. L. Marlatt, Chief of the Federal Plant Quarantine and Control Administration. His colonels were Dr. William Newell of the Florida Agricultural College and Experiment Station, who had charge of quarantine and clean-up enforcement, and Dr. A. C. Baker of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology, who carried on the research that developed the sprays, and the processes for treatment of fruit."

TWO-WAY TELEVISION

IT IS NOW TECHNICALLY POSSIBLE for a man in San Francisco and one in New York to hold a telephone conversation, at the same time seeing each other, or at least moving images of each other in recognizable size and clearness.

This invention, the latest advance in television, is, however, not yet in the commercial state, chiefly on account of complexity and high cost.

Further improvements are regarded as certain.

Says the New York *Times*, in an account of a recent demonstration in that city:

"Two-way television in which the speakers at both ends of a telephone line or a radio circuit see the image of each other as they talk was demonstrated recently by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"Distance is no obstacle to the new system.

"It is just as easy to let a person in San Francisco see a person at the other end of the line in New York as it is to send the images over a short distance. The system is applicable to radio, but with less certainty than when wires link the two points. Telephone wires were used in the demonstration.

"Special television booths have been developed about the same size as an ordinary telephone booth. Upon entering the booth the person to be 'televised' sits in a swivel chair and faces a frame in which he will see the person at the other end of the line to whom he will speak. The face is illuminated by a mild glow of blue light which is reflected from the face to the photoelectric cells, known as 'radio eyes.' This causes the current to flow which transmits the image to the distant booth.

"There is no glare or flood of brilliant light as in early television systems.

"At first, as one enters the booth, one notices a dim orange light, which is too weak to affect the photoelectric cells. The usual telephone is missing. Special television transmitters and receivers are hidden from view. It was necessary to dispense with the ordinary phone, because it would hide part of the speaker's face from the distant observer.

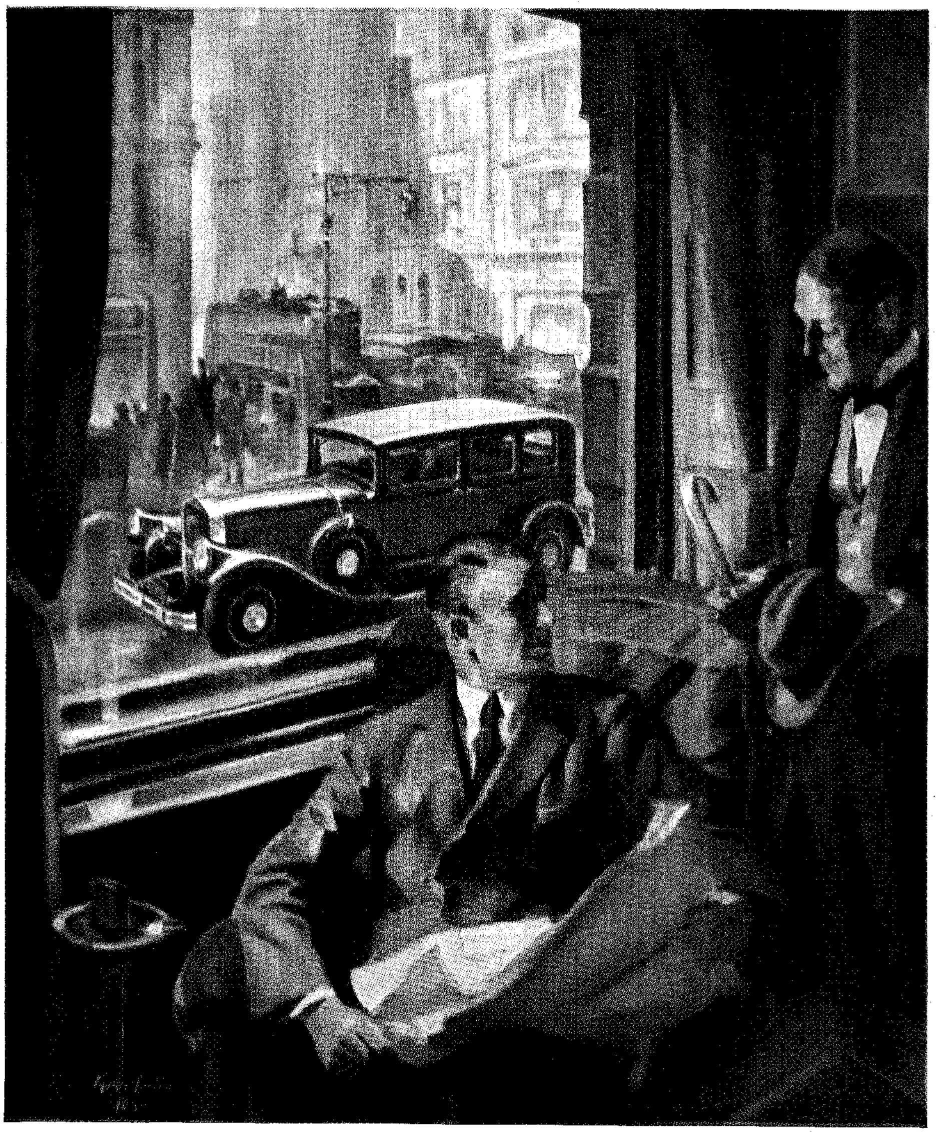
"When the speaker turns in the chair and faces the apparatus, he sees on the glass screen the words, 'Ikonophone—Watch this space for the television image.' Then this sign lifts like a magic curtain and in its place the animated picture appears of the person at the other terminal.

"The two converse in ordinary tone as over the telephone.

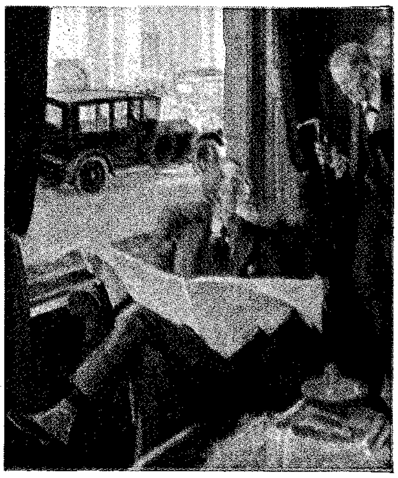
"The images are about a foot square, and are very clear.

"The 1930 television image is greatly improved over that shown by the Bell Laboratories in 1927, and is double the size, with more clarity and detail.

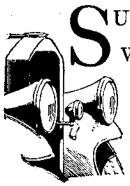
"Both parties to the conversation see each other with sufficient detail to recognize facial expression. It is like an instantaneous motion-picture in black and white on a pinkish background, caused by the color of the high-powered water-cooled neon tube utilized in the receiving set. No part of the system is annoying to the eye."



That fine things are fairly unchanging, is the story told by these two pictures of an identical scene. Both portray New York's smartest club, its proudest motor car. One was painted twelve years after the other.



The Most Distinguishing Mark of the *Most Distinguished* Motor Car



SUPERLATIVES are singularly apt when applied to the fender lamps that are *Pierce-Arrow* . . so intimately are these a part of *America's finest motor car.*

Behind that title, so hard-earned (which otherwise would be sheer arrogance), is the prided handwork of masters in coachcraft . . the second generation of whom are today engaged in the creation of Pierce-Arrow finenesses.

Pierce-Arrow reflects, also, the thinking of many great engineers, and the management of men who put reputation before all things, in the trusteeship that is theirs to preserve.

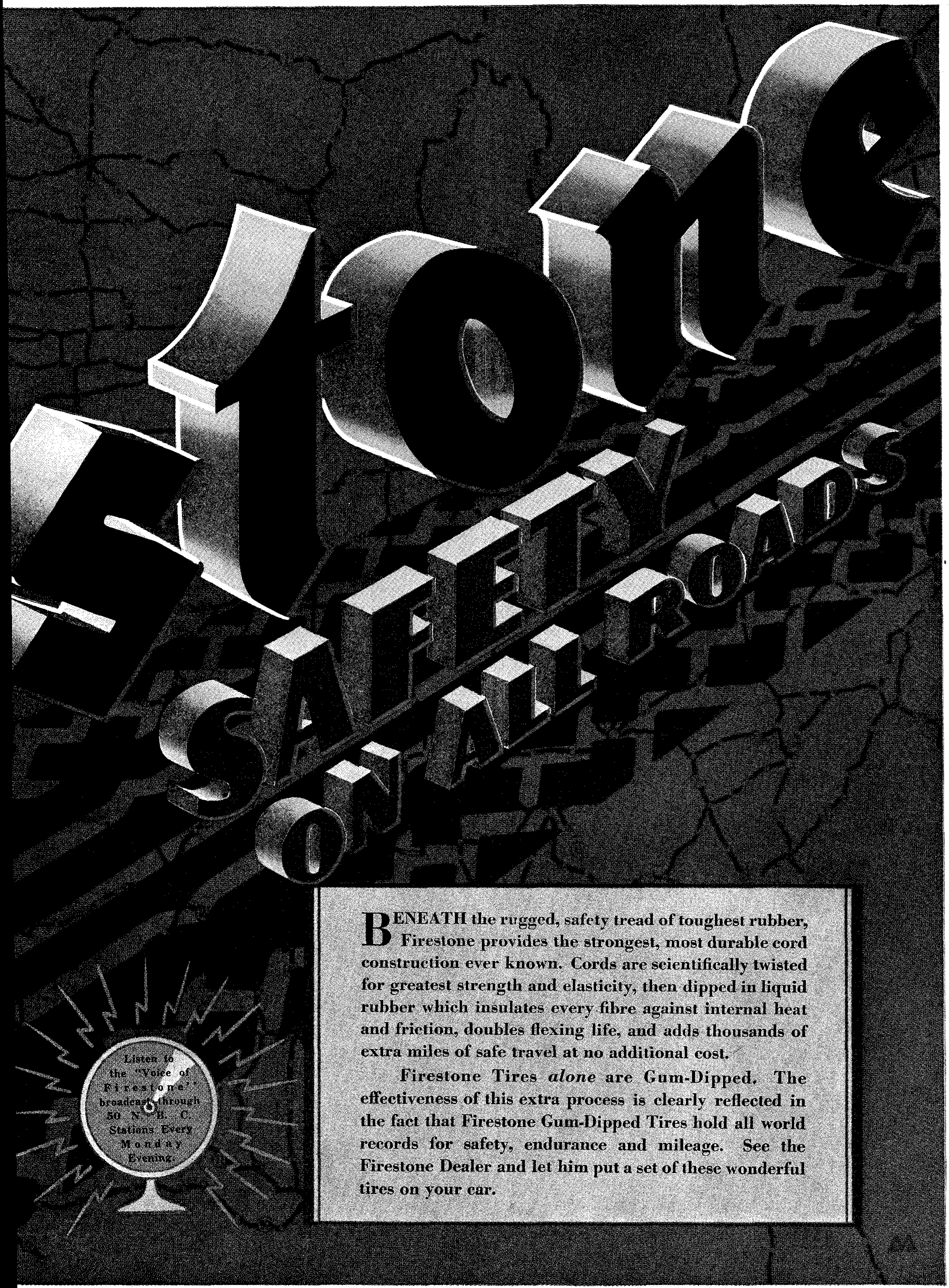
Should it appear that an exaggerated reverence for ideals is present here, the product itself bears even greater testimony to this very genuine attitude.

Pierce-Arrow today finds expression in three new groups of automobiles, which, for sheer beauty and distinction, were not conceivable without great tradition to draw upon and a patrician pride to inspire.

PIERCE-ARROW

Three New Groups of Straight Eights . . 132 to 144-inch Wheelbases . . $2695 to $6250 at Buffalo
(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

Gum Dipped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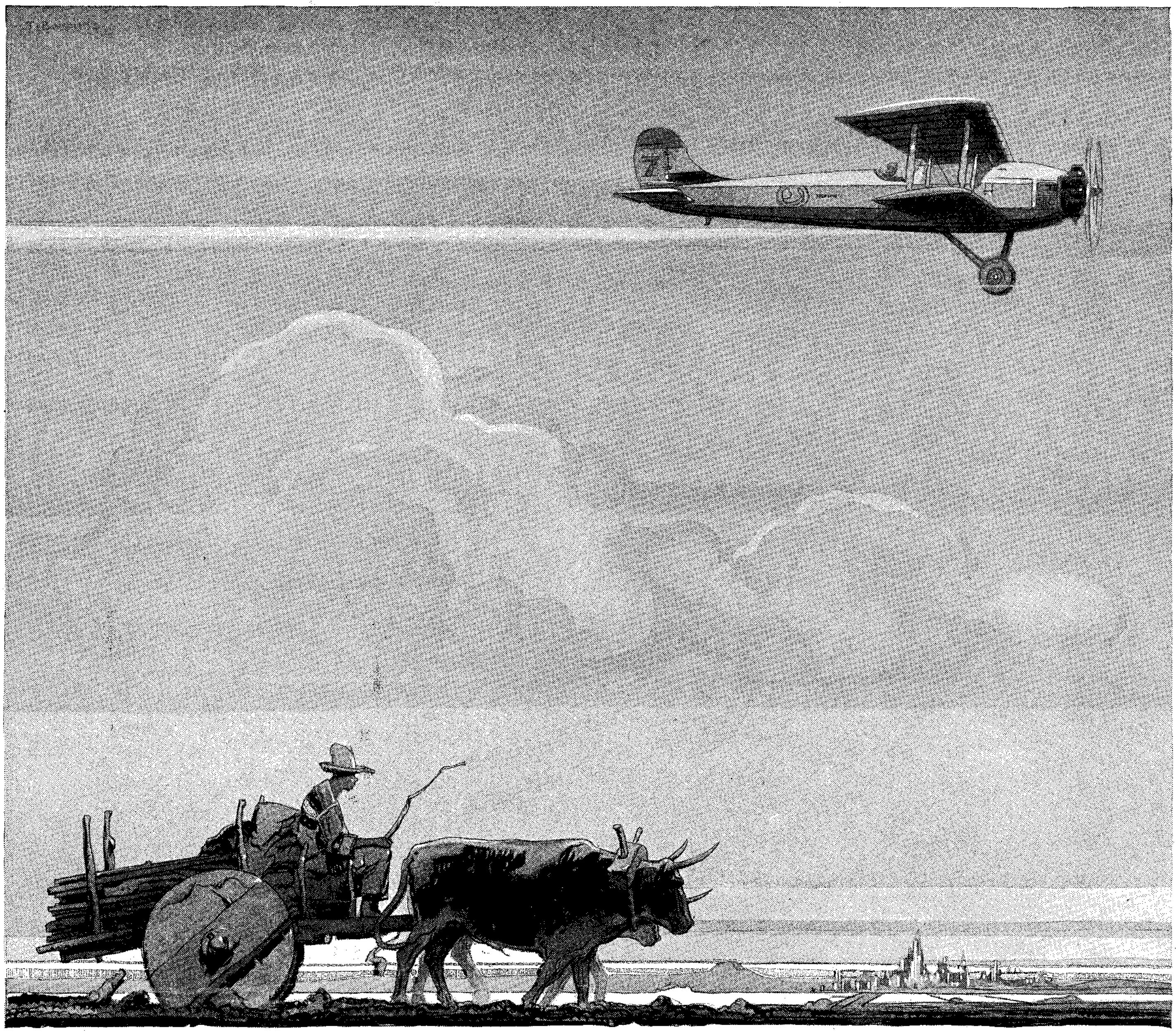
SAFETY
ON ALL ROADS
Listen to
the "Voice of
Firestone"
broadcast through
50 N. B. C.
Stations Every
Monday
Evening

BENEATH the rugged, safety tread of toughest rubber, Firestone provides the strongest, most durable cord construction ever known. Cords are scientifically twisted for greatest strength and elasticity, then dipped in liquid rubber which insulates every fibre against internal heat and friction, doubles flexing life, and adds thousands of extra miles of safe travel at no additional cost.

Firestone Tires *alone* are Gum-Dipped. The effectiveness of this extra process is clearly reflected in the fact that Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires hold all world records for safety, endurance and mileage. See the Firestone Dealer and let him put a set of these wonderful tires on your car.



"To save time is to lengthen life—"

"*ACCELERATION, rather than structural change, is the key to an understanding of our recent economic developments.*"
—From the report of President Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes

THE PLOD of the ox-cart. The jog trot of the horse and buggy. The rush of the high-powered motor car. The zoom of the airplane. Acceleration. *Faster* speed all the time.

Speed and more speed in production, transportation, communication, and as a result, more wealth, more happiness, and yes, more leisure for us all.

Scientific research has been the pacemaker of this faster, yet more leisurely, existence. At a steadily increasing rate it is giving us hundreds of inventions and improvements which speed up work, save time and money, revolutionize life and labor in the modern age.

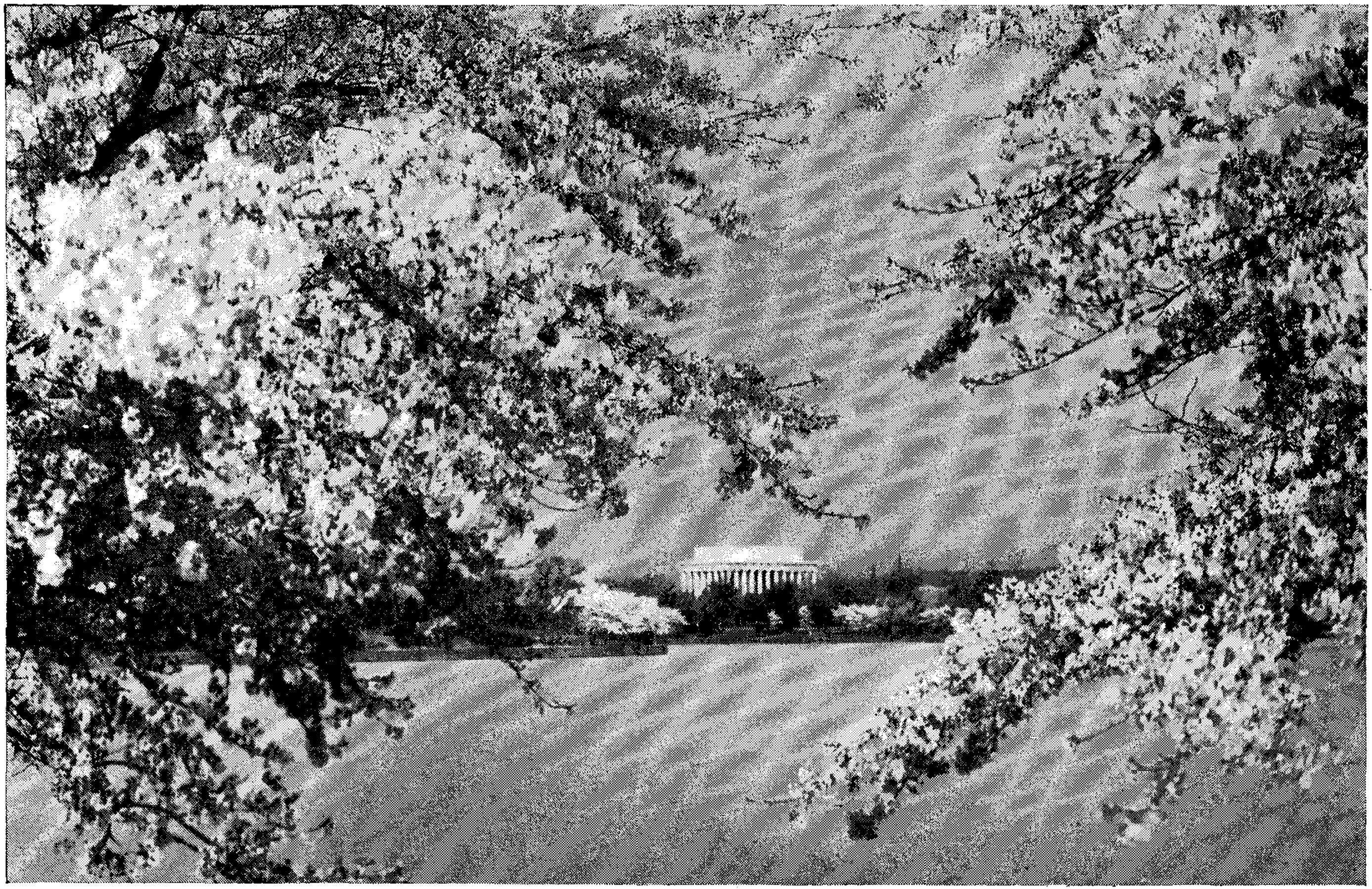
Conceive how much time modern electric lighting has saved the American people—not to mention the billion dollars a year in lighting bills saved by the repeatedly improved efficiency of the Mazda lamp. Think of the extraordinary democratization of entertainment and education made possible by the radio tube!

Both these benefits to the public owe much to the steady flow of discovery and invention from General Electric laboratories. So do the x-ray and cathode-ray tubes, the calorizing of steel, atomic-hydrogen welding, the generation of power for home and industry at steadily lower costs.

The G-E monogram is a symbol of research. Every product bearing this monogram represents to-day and will represent to-morrow the highest standard of electrical correctness and dependability.

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC



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ACROSS THE TIDAL BASIN GLEAMS THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, FRAMED BY PALE PINK BLOOMS

A JAPANESE FLOWER FESTIVAL IN AMERICA

BRING JAPAN TO AMERICA!

The First Lady of the Land was delighted and enthusiastic. She remembered vividly the beauty of the springtime in Yokohama.

So began the weaving of flowery garlands that help to bind two nations together in friendship.

As a result, we of America are able every year to visit Japan, to revel in the beauty of cherry-blossom time. And this without the bother of passports or the danger of seasickness. Each spring Japan, thanks to Mrs. William Howard Taft, is no farther away from any of us than Washington, the national Capital.

For in the spring the Japanese cherry-trees of Washington burst into glorious bloom, supplying a veritable flower festival for dwellers in that city, and for sightseers who come from all parts of the nation and from abroad. And no ambitious young Presidential aspirants cut the trees down in order to tell the truth about it.

It was through Mrs. Taft that the Japanese springtime was brought to America, we learn from *Asia*. In this magazine, Paul Russell, of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture, tells of the birth of the idea and describes the many varieties of trees represented in Potomac Park, and the beautiful picture they make when in full flower.

But before proceeding to details, Mr. Russell, in rather ecstatic vein, indicates the effect of the Potomac Park trees on the beholder, exclaiming, "Springtime in the Capital! Cherry-blossom time! No other season is half so marvelous for a visit to the beautiful city of Washington, and no other city in the United States can compare with the Capital at this time."

And he says further:

Never shall I forget one bright Easter morning in late March, now some years back, when I wandered along the bank of the large artificial lake, known as the Tidal Basin, among the gray-barked little trees. Over my head was a lovely pale-pink canopy formed by myriads of small blossoms. Bits of blue sky showed here and there through openings bridged by the slender light-gray twigs, and a few ambitious honey-bees buzzed happily from flower to flower.

I was suddenly transported into a realm of beauty almost unreal.

It has been my privilege to enjoy this experience many times since, and each time it has been equally thrilling. And with genuine pleasure I have noted, among the thousands who visit Potomac Park each spring, an increasing number who delight in silent contemplation of the cherry-blossoms.

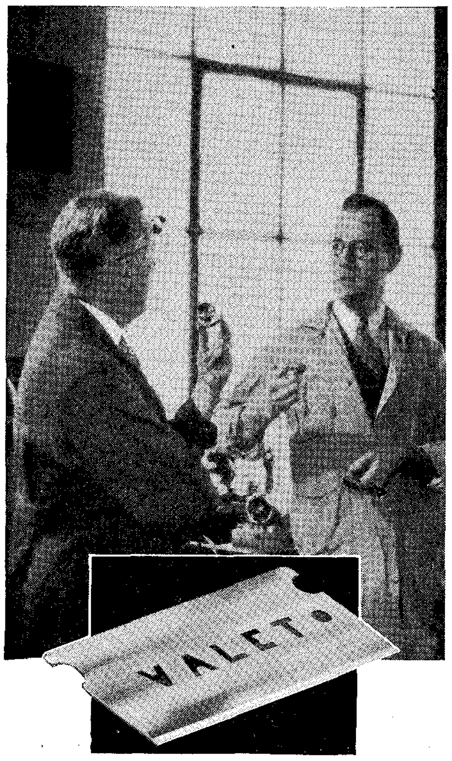
This is Mr. Russell's account of how the trees came to be planted in Washington:

Just before the inauguration of the late President Taft in 1909, Miss Eliza Scidmore, an authority on things Japanese, suggested to Mrs. Taft that an avenue of Japanese flowering cherry-trees would add charm to Washington.

Mrs. Taft, who by a happy chance had once lived in Yokohama for several months, responded with enthusiasm, and at once ordered a number of trees from a Pennsylvania nursery. They were planted that same spring near the place where the Lincoln Memorial now stands. Dr. Jokichi Takamine, an eminent chemist of New York and Tokyo, happened to be in Washington at this time.

He was so impressed with the interest taken by Mrs. Taft in the favorite flower of his country that he offered to present her with 3,000 trees for planting in Potomac Park. Mrs. Taft accepted the gracious offer, and with great modesty Dr. Takamine arranged to have the trees presented through the city of Tokyo.

They arrived the next season, but proved to be so infested with



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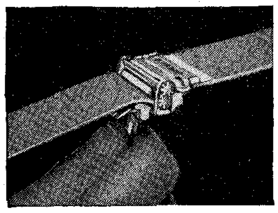


The NEW VALET
Auto-Strop BLADE

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

insect parasites that the entire lot had to be burned.

Dr. Takamine, undaunted, cabled instructions to Japan that another lot of trees should be assembled there and kept under strict observation until there could be no doubt of their healthy state. Dr. Inokichi Kuwana, skilled horticulturist and director of the Yokohama Imperial Plant Quarantine Station, gave these trees his personal attention. When they arrived in the United States, in December, 1911, they were found to be free from disease and parasites, and in the following spring they were safely planted along the two main drives in Potomac Park.

After eighteen years under American conditions, the *Yoshino* cherries have reached a height of twenty-five feet or more, with sturdy trunks and broad crowns, we are told as the account runs on:

> Ultimately, if they are to attain the growth of some of their venerable relatives in Japan, their size will be doubled, and, with age, the smooth light-gray of the trunks and branches will become rough and several shades darker. The slightly fragrant single flowers, pale pink, or in some seasons nearly white, usually a little more than an inch across, appear before the leaves in few-flowered clusters.

Soon the *Yoshino* has played its rôle in the Washington cherry drama, and a succession of other varieties occupies the stage, each with an appeal of its own. Closely following the *Yoshino* is the *Shira-yuki*, which in Japanese means "snow-white." There are about 100 stiffly upright trees of this sort, bearing great numbers of pure-white blossoms, an inch and a half across, on short, thick twigs. Perhaps a week after the *Shira-yuki* has dropt its petals, the delicately beautiful *Ariake* opens its large single blossoms, sometimes as much as two inches in diameter, and faintly pink.

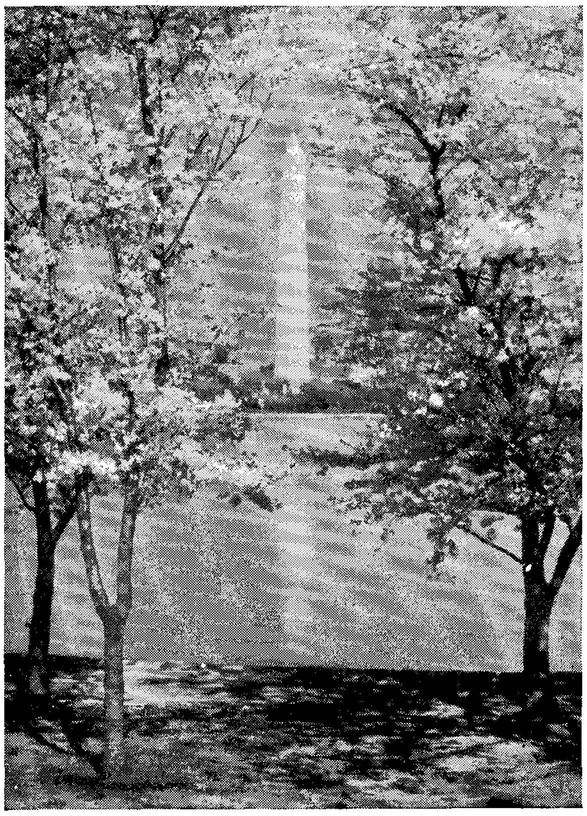
Very appropriately have the Japanese called this charming variety *Ariake*, or "dawn."

The forty or more trees are rather low, and branch from near the base of the trunk. Next blooms the *Mikuruma-gaeshi*. There are but a dozen or so trees of this form, which, like most of the larger-flowered cherries, do not exceed sixteen or eighteen feet in height.

The deep-pink pointed buds open into large single or slightly double whitish flowers with a pink tinge. *Mikuruma-gaeshi* in Japanese means "returning carriage."

Tradition says that one of the early emperors of Japan was so struck with the beauty of this cherry, in full bloom, as he passed by, that he insisted on returning to gaze once more upon the pleasant spectacle. In this exquisite flower procession there now comes what we may call a black sheep, the *Gyoiko*, or "imperial" cherry. It has greenish-yellow flowers with narrow red stripes running down the centers of the petals.

As if finally repenting of so radical a departure from orthodox cherry colors, the semidouble flowers turn to a clear pink just before the petals fall. As an oddity, rather than an object of real beauty, *Gyoiko* should have a place in every large collection of cherry-trees.



Copyright by Ernest L. Crandall

A FRAME OF CHERRY-BLOSSOMS FOR WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT IS FITTING

The next Potomac Park attraction is "the lovely *Fukurokuju*." But it is sad to learn that the two score trees of this variety "have not been so robust as could be desired." As we are told:

> Only six or eight of the original number have withstood successfully the floods that occasionally menace the cherries in the park.

With an upright and compact habit, *Fukurokuju* is distinct in the way in which its clusters of delicate pink semi-double flowers are borne near the ends of the branches in large globular masses. Soon after it comes *Ichiyo*, represented by nearly 100 moderately large trees with wide-spreading branches, much like those of the *Yoshino*, but more slender. When the clusters of double flowers first open, they are light pink, with one or two green leaflike pistils projecting from their centers. But soon the pink fades to almost white, except for the under sides of the petals. The brownish-green young leaves, which appear just before the flowers fall in several of the cherry varieties, make a particularly agreeable contrast with the very light-pink flowers of the *Ichiyo*.

The flowering cherries ordered by Mrs. Taft from a Pennsylvania nursery were of the variety called *Fugenzo*, familiar to the Japanese for at least 1,000 years, and considered one of the finest of cherry-trees. Sometimes the *Fugenzo* is also known as

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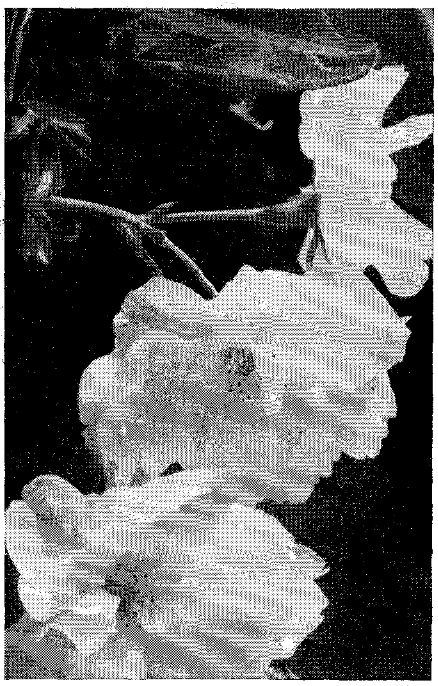
BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

the "James H. Veitch." It, too, was included in the main collection planted in Washington in 1912, and more than 100 large, stout, wide-spreading trees of this variety are now growing in Potomac Park. Tho resembling *Ichiyo* in general aspect, *Fugenzo* differs in having larger flowers, which show a peculiar brownish-pink tinge on the under side of the petals.

Some of the single forms are remarkably fragrant.

Such a one is the *Takinioi*, of which forty-odd trees are in bloom at the same time as the *Ichiyo*. *Takinioi* means "fragrant cascade," and the wealth of white, delicately scented flowers abundantly justifies the name.



United States Department of Agriculture

THE *HORINJI'S* AIRY BEAUTY

And now comes what many flower-lovers consider the finest of all the double pink Japanese cherries, the *Kwanzan*, named for a mountain in Japan. Says Mr. Russell of this variety:

> This handsome cherry is generously represented by 240 trees, most of them around Hains Point, at the southernmost end of Potomac Park. The rather small, upright trees have shiny reddish-brown trunks and branches, and their blooming is a fitting climax to the cherry season in Washington. Preceded by red or deep-pink squarish buds, the many-petaled, intensely pink, roselike flowers, two inches across, hang in pendant clusters, in striking contrast with the dark, bronze-green young leaves.

But the Potomac Park cherries are not the only specimens of these Japanese flowering trees in America.

At North Chevy Chase, Maryland, Mr. Russell tells us, in the Arnold Arboretum in Massachusetts, in the New York City Botanical Gardens, in Rochester, New York, in Seattle, San Francisco, Sacramento, and San Diego, beautiful collections of many varieties are to be found.

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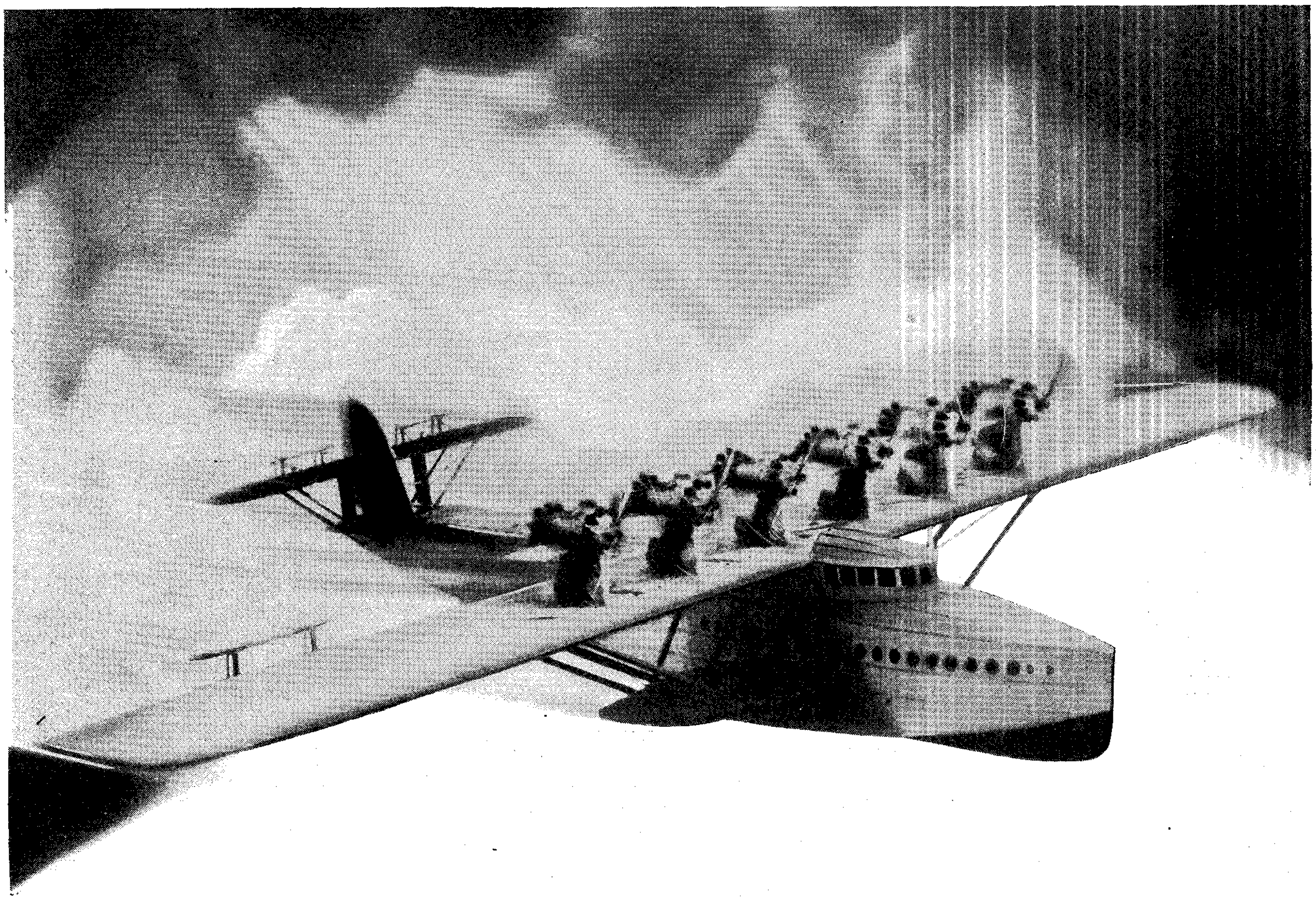

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The DO-X

Germany's giant 100 passenger plane is powered with 12 SKF equipped Siemens Jupiter* engines. SKF Bearings take the propeller thrusts and are on the crankshafts, Farman-type reduction gears, magnetos, lighting dynamo, radio and Lenz pump—a total of 149.

*NOTE: Recent press dispatches state that 12 SKF equipped Curtiss-Wright engines will be installed for the Trans-Atlantic flight of the DO-X.

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STALKING A TIGER IN JERSEY CITY

"YOW!" yelled the man.

But the tiger did not retreat.

Instead, his eyes glowing in the dim light, he gazed in amazement at the human.

The young man, brave, but pardonably anxious, nevertheless, suddenly remembered what it was that would tame the jungle beast.

If he only had something to jingle. Some coins, say. The tiger was afraid of any jingling. But it was just before payday, and the young man had no coins.

So the human and the beast circled, watching each other.

This is no jungle adventure. It happened in so safe and workaday a place as Jersey City.

The scene was the Henry Bartels Menagerie in Jersey City. The tiger was one of the beasts there confined. But now it had broken out of its cage. The man was Walter Nassert, the night watchman.

So we learn from Lou Wedemar in the New York *Telegram*. The article is one of a series on narrow escapes, under the general title, "Sixty Seconds from Death."

The night did not start out to be exciting. Nassert was alone with his reflections and the apparently peaceful animals. Then, writes Mr. Wedemar:

> He yawned, and a parrot at that instant gave forth a scream that would have waked a man under ether.
>
> Nassert knew what it meant—either a rat was running around the tame game cage or the Bengal was causing trouble.
>
> He was on his feet, moving cautiously toward the disturbance. The fuss seemed loudest in the special bird section.
>
> He had gone only a few feet, his walking stick in his hand as his only weapon, when he caught a glimpse of a reddish-yellow flash—the tiger was loose!
>
> He had never before been confronted with such a situation. At first thought he was at a loss as to whether he ought to go after it, yelling "Shoo!" or get before it and whisper softly: "Come, Bengal!" He decided to try the first course.
>
> The single electric light showed that the tiger already had tried his first course—a fine pheasant. The bird's feathers were scattered on the floor, and a few clung to the tiger's whiskers.
>
> He glanced up at Nassert, disdained to signify he saw him, and with one paw caught a cockatoo.
>
> Horror at seeing the despoiling of the beautiful birds made Nassert forget personal fear. He shouted at the top of his voice and hammered at the floor with the cane.

The Bengal leapt without looking back, "the bird, feathers and all, in his mouth."

Then, we read on:

> Nassert saw that the door of the tiger's cage stood open, and that the sticks of the bird-cage had been burst inward.
>
> Now that the Bengal had tasted blood he was definitely dangerous, Nassert decided.
>
> The Bengal was regarding him, from six feet away. There was nothing between them.
>
> Unintentionally, Nassert took one step backward. The tiger, before that step was finished, had moved more than a pace toward him.
>
> Suddenly, as if his elastic body had moved without thought, the tiger doubled on himself and made for the right side of the big room, where the camels, deer, and elk were kept in an enclosure.
>
> Nassert immediately backed away toward the far wall. To reach the office and the telephone he must pass near the camel enclosure, and he wanted to keep as much distance between it and himself as possible.
>
> He reached the office, regretting that there was no door. He would have been glad of a few moments' respite from the menace.
>
> "Hello, Mr. Bartels," he telephoned. "This is Nassert, at the store. The Bengal tiger's loose and raising hell. Killed a couple of birds, and now he's in with the elk. No, he hasn't touched me. I'm all right so far. Bistany? Will you call him? All right; call them, too."
>
> Bartels was calling George Bistany, the big-game hunter, and the police. Feeling a little like a big-game hunter himself, Nassert tiptoed to the refrigerator and got two big pieces of raw meat. He carried them to the tiger's cage and pushed them inside.

He heard a siren outside; the police were coming. Help at last! But as the sound of the "speeding auto neared, the clamor in the camel enclosure broke out anew." Nassert "saw a small deer race across the floor; how it had got free he couldn't guess." But, the account continues:

> After it came the Bengal, slowly, menacingly, easily, as if playing a game.
>
> Midway the tiger stopt and eyed Nassert. It turned and approached him, then halted.
>
> The caretaker stood stock still for a moment. If he only had a bell, or something, to jingle. That was the only thing the Bengal feared—jingling.
>
> Nassert stood, listening for the click of a key in the lock. Instead, he heard a rapping—probably the police.
>
> But he couldn't admit them. They would kill the tiger, and he was worth $1,000 or more. First he must try to get him back into the cage.
>
> Nassert was nearly against the wall. When he reached it he was certain the tiger would spring. When this careful retreat was over, the end would come.
>
> At that instant an idea came. Beside him was a table, a drawer of which held a cash-box. He felt for the handle and drew the drawer open.
>
> Nassert clutched the cash-box, opened it and jingled the coins. The tiger snarled again, defiantly, but at the same time retreated a step!
>
> Now Nassert was master, triumphant with the few coins.
>
> Just then, as he was wiping his forehead and trying to breathe naturally, the door opened. The dominant figure of Bistany appeared. He carried a rifle.
>
> Cautiously they met in the middle of the room. The caretaker explained what had happened.
>
> "He's gone bad," said Bistany. "You've done fine work to keep him from killing every animal in here."
>
> Puzzled by the new arival, the tiger appeared before them. Bistany lifted the rifle and fired. The tiger fell.

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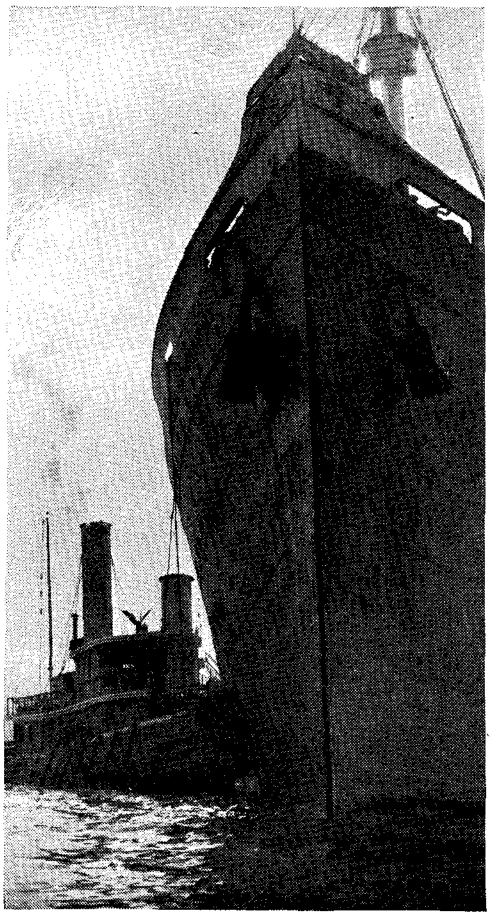

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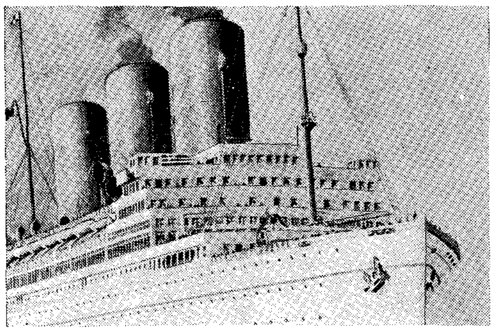

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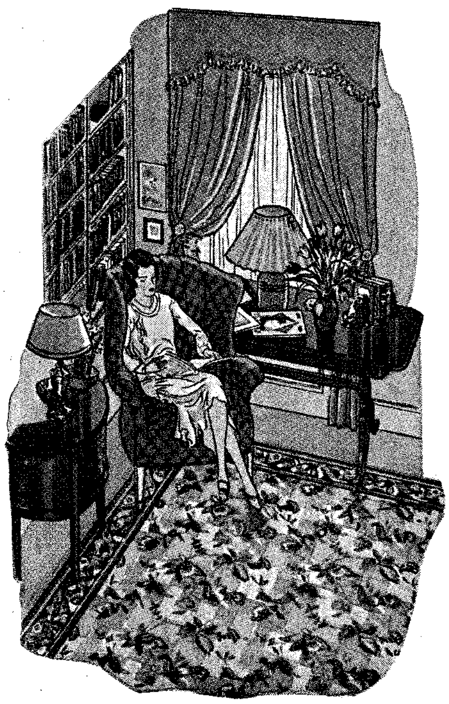
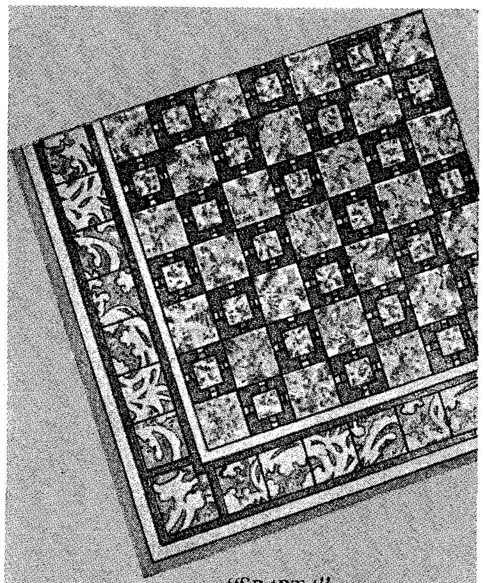
Watch your newspapers for the special prices and the names of stores participating in this sale. Look for the special window displays.

The pattern below is "SPRING," one of the newest designs in *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs.





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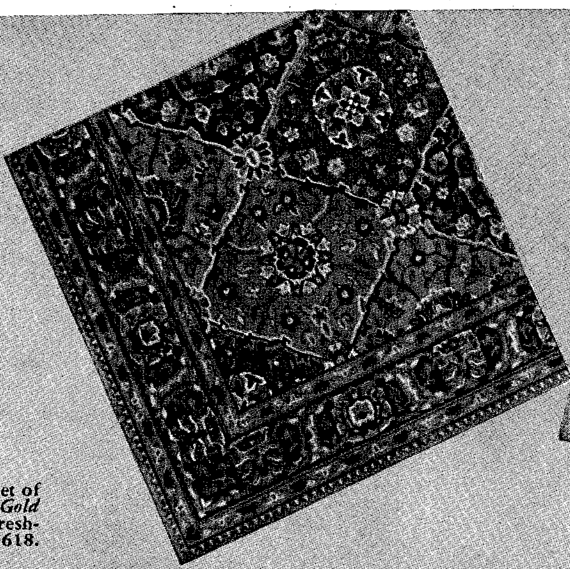

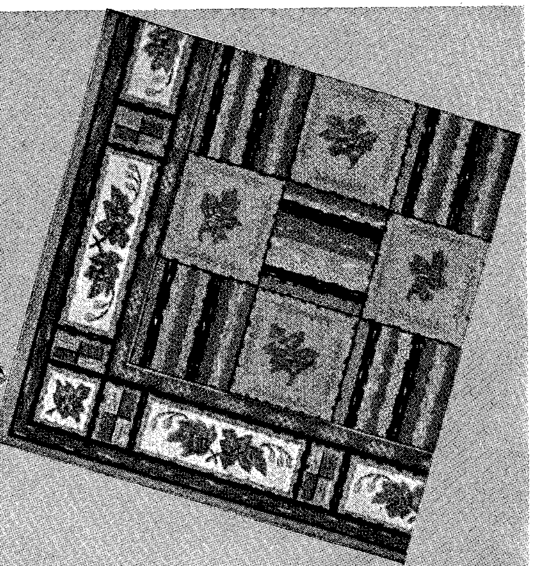

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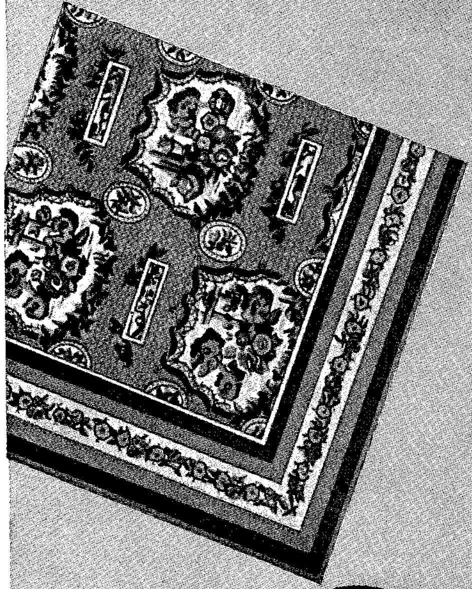

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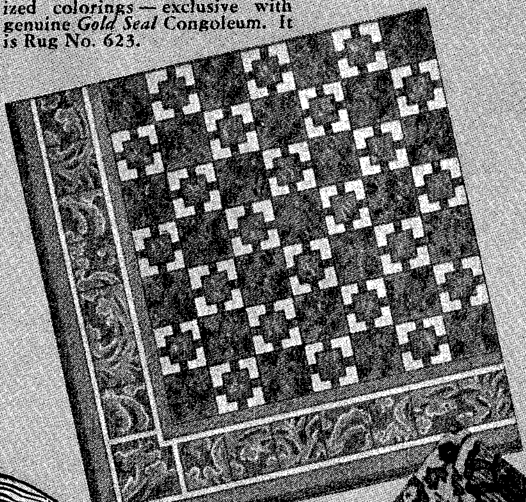
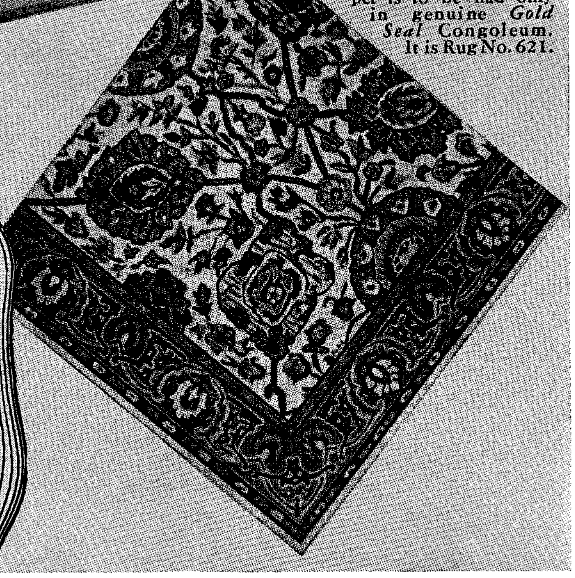
. . . Decidedly new is this cheerful tile design with its richly marbleized colorings — exclusive with genuine *Gold Seal* Congoleum. It is Rug No. 623.



"TURKAN"
. . . this distinctive reproduction of a rare Persian carpet is to be had only in genuine *Gold Seal* Congoleum. It is Rug No. 621.



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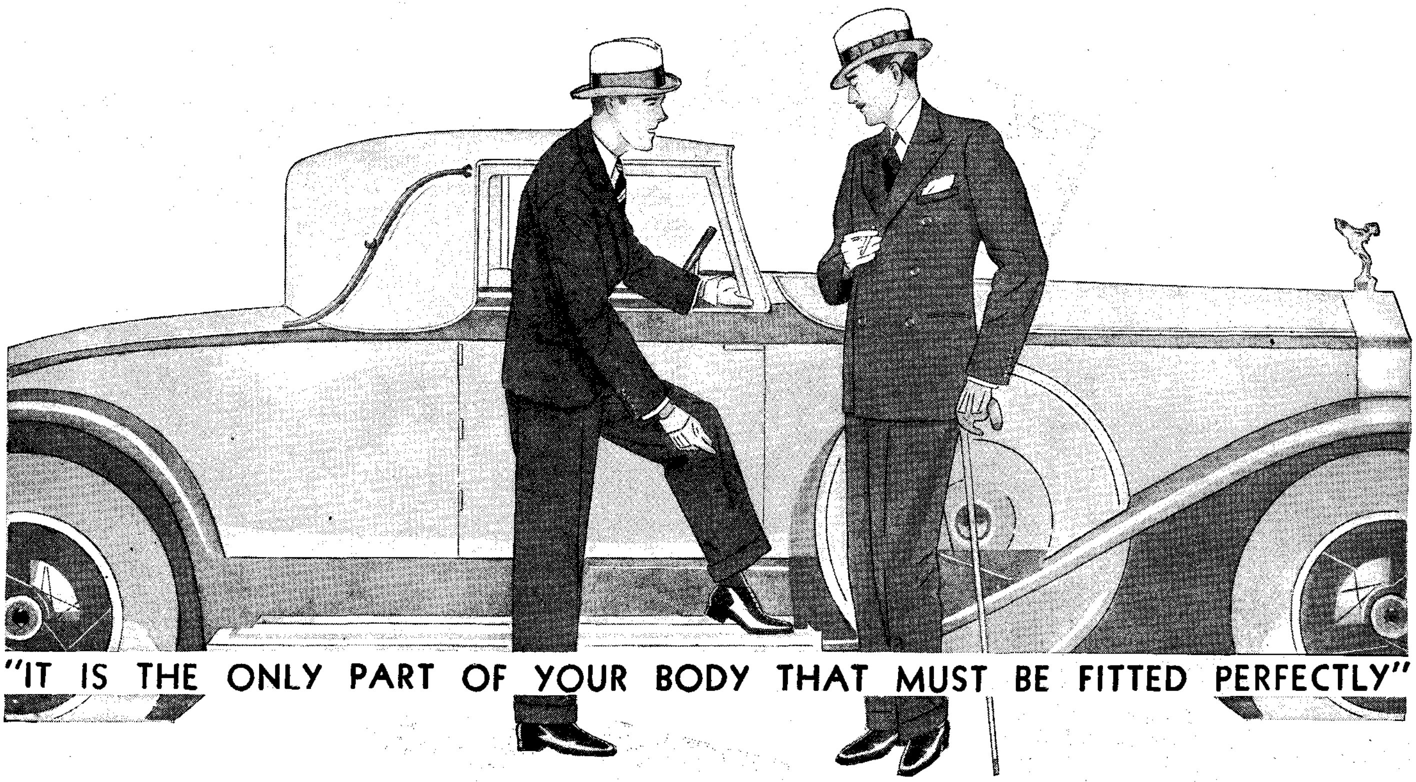


"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"

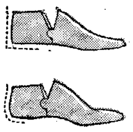
NO doubt about it! Clothes and shoes should fit well—if only for appearances' sake. But the *only* part of your body that must be fitted perfectly for *your health's sake* is that part which supports you all through life—your feet!

Now! A shoe that saves the health of your feet

Three years ago an idea—today a remarkable success. That's the history of Footsavers—the only shoe with "The Saving V". And what is there about this shoe that makes it so different? Why are all its wearers enthusiasts? Here's the story.

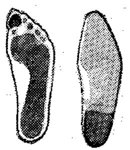
Perfect fit is more than shoe-skin deep

Perfect fit begins with the "last"—the form over which shoes are made. Right there is where Footsavers begin—to be different. Before making one pair we studied thousands of feet. Recorded every angle, curve and need. Then created the now famous Footsaver "human" last.



Note the difference in these heels

Is it different? Look at the two lasts at left. One has a sharp, L-shaped heel. But the Footsaver last has a human heel that curves in, out, and in—just as *your* heels curve. No need to tell you that it adds comfort. And it also adds style.

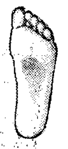


Twins—soles of feet and soles of Footsavers

Speaking of lasts, we all know that healthy feet aren't flat. They're down along the outer edge—arched along the inner edge. The only way, then, to make shoes fit perfectly is to build them over lasts that are arched exactly like the human foot? Correct! And that's exactly the way Footsavers are built.

Yes, it does cost more to make Footsaver lasts so perfect—but it pays Footsaver wearers in extra comfort, glove-like fit and lasting style. Result: Once a Foot-saver wearer—always one. And that pays us.

* * *

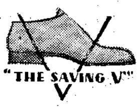


An old need now met by Footsavers

But fitting the main arch isn't all. Behind the ball of your foot there's a small depression—your "little" arch. Mother Nature supported it when you were a barefoot boy with soft earth. Footsavers support it with layers of chamois-soft leather that cushion your "little" arch with comfort at every step. Wait till you feel how much it means. You, too, will be a Footsaver enthusiast.

* * * *

AND in addition to all of this—"The Saving V". You can't see it but you'll certainly feel its comfort, from the moment you step into your first pair of these smart, modern shoes.



Introducing "The Saving V"

"The Saving V" supports your arch and exercises it as Nature intended — absorbing the shock of every step, giving and taking as you walk, lifting, lightening, the weight of your entire body. Once you've enjoyed its downright comfort even your oldest shoes cannot compare with its buoyancy—its springy pick-up—its refreshing fit.

And Footsavers are styled as you would expect—in the best of taste

Here, at last, is the correct idea in shoes for gentlemen. Not a hospital shoe for old men, but modern, stylish footwear for young men and men who stay young— for men who demand distinctive style no less than perfect fit. And we might add, value—since Footsavers are rightly priced, at $12 to $14.

See the new styles for summer

A post card from you will bring the full story of "The Saving V" and with it a full-color booklet showing all the latest Footsaver styles. See Footsavers today if you know the dealer in your city. If not, use the convenient coupon below. It takes only a minute to fill it in.

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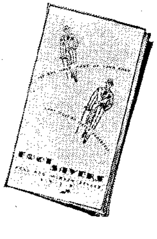


HOW DOCTORS DISAGREE ON THE *DIGEST* POLL

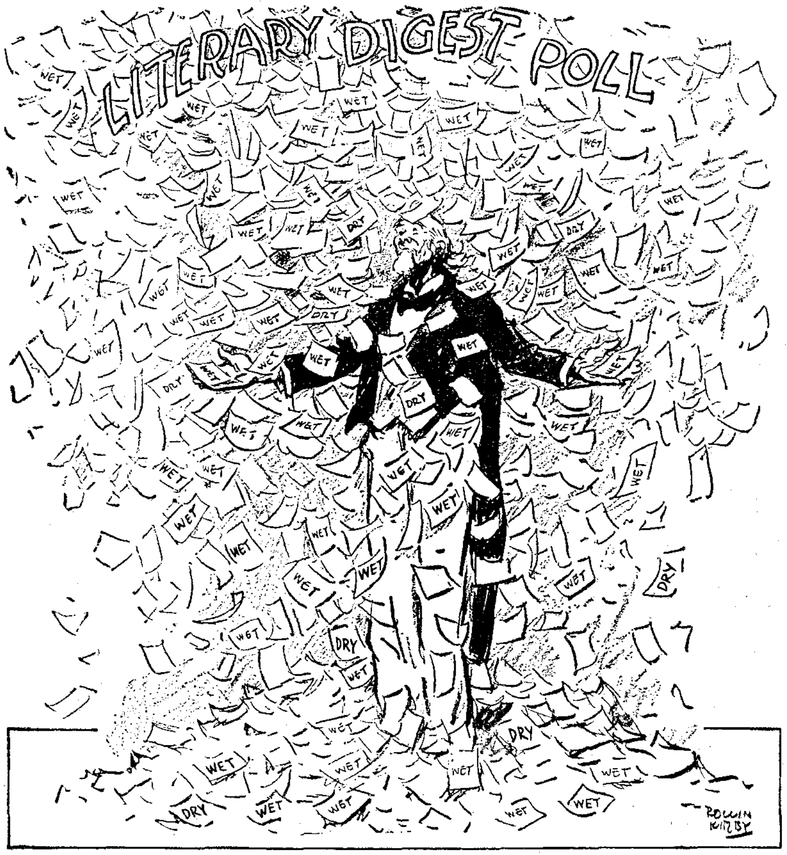
"PROHIBITION LAW IS MORE NEEDED than the Harrison anti-Narcotic Law."

"Repeal the twin insanities: the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law."

So, contrariwise, do physicians, skilled in prescribing for human ills, advise us in letters sent in with votes in their separate DIGEST poll.

Many doctors welcome the opportunity to vote their convictions and take pleasure in expressing their opinions—opinions, they assure us, that are born of years and years of professional experience.

Here is certainly a case where doctors disagree.



"MOISTER AND MOISTER"

—Kirby in the New York *World.*

A WET POINT OF VIEW

"You can't force morals down any man's throat," says one. "Law must step in where moral nature fails," replies another. "No one can give me a good reason for liquor," declares one. "The evil is the commercial and not the personal side of the question," retorts another.

Perhaps the nearest approach to an agreement might be secured on one doctor's suggestion that "there is an old adage that no one ever kicks a dead dog, but this dog (Prohibition) is certainly coming in for all sorts of punishment."

Let a confirmed dry voter, Dr. Charles Berrien Hall of Chicago, open this professional clinic:

I hold these truths to be self-evident:

That no one can use or handle fire, firearms, fireworks or firewater without great peril to himself and others.

That there are few persons who have not a relative or near neighbor who has ruined his life, and brought sorrow and misery to his family, by being a drunkard.

That one can not touch pitch without being defiled; and that every drunkard becomes one while attempting to be a moderate or temperate drinker.

That the circumstances and habits of the people of to-day demand the Eighteenth Amendment more than the Harrison Narcotic Law, of whose restrictions none but addicts complain.

From a physician who finds himself forced to vote for repeal comes an account of why he has changed his mind. Dr. P. L. Dodge of Miami, Florida, tells us:

For years I have been deeply interested in the matter of general drinking of alcoholic stimulants. I have been connected with some of the largest institutions for the insane in the country and have seen many patients suffering from acute and chronic alcoholism.

In all the years of my voting, I have always voted against liquor, but in 1919 that privilege was taken away from me. At first, I, like many others, believed that it would be a beneficial state for the country at large, but in a very short time, as has been demonstrated in thousands of cases throughout the country, there sprang up the illegal sale of alcoholic drinks in the hands of irresponsible bootleggers, which has created an appalling situation.

Previous to 1919 I had been very hopeful of a time when voluntary temperance would be practically in existence, as there was far less drinking just previous to the war than there had been up to that time. As you will recall, in order that a man should get and hold a position, it was necessary for him to be temperate, and if he was found to be drinking, most of the business houses did not want him and would discharge him. Also, our young women would not think of going to dances or other entertainments with young men who had the smell of liquor about them. All this worked to build up in the minds of the younger generation and of the substantial citizen, a general tendency to voluntary temperance. Subsequent to the Prohibition amendment, there came a general disregard for the law, and people turned their homes into places where liquor was served, so that for the past ten years I have found, when visiting for any length of time the homes of the wealthy as well as those of poor workingmen, that in a large per cent. I would be invited, openly or semi-privately, "to have a drink."

This practise has been very detrimental to the home and has created a general disregard for law and order, both in the parents and in the children. I feel that the remedy is one that will be very hard to solve, and no matter which way it is decided, the country will have to go through a severe crisis.

As to Prohibition, I do not think there is any middle way of taking care of the situation, and it will have to be a repeal of the Volstead Law, or the country will have to build prisons large enough to contain practically all of the population, except the Prohibition agents. I am therefore voting in favor of repeal.

A New York State doctor who confesses that for some time he had been in a wavering position declares he has been forced to vote for enforcement by the news-report of a poll of undergraduates recording over 400 drinkers and over 200 admitting they have been drunk. This Dr. Milton E. Gregg, of Mottville, is moved to call for a revival of dry fighting spirit:

Is there a remnant left in this country who stand for righteousness and honor?

If so, let us rally as did Joffre's men at the Banks of the Marne, and declare again as did they on that immortal day, "They shall not pass."

This is a matter greater than even Prohibition enforcement. It is a question of maintaining the foundations of our American institutions.

I wish that every man and woman in the United States who believes in the enforcement of the Prohibition Law would wear some insignia—to encourage each other.

I have faith to believe that we shall yet rally and drive the forces of evil back to the Hindenburg line.

Dr. B. E. Decker of Bradford, New York, exclaims, "I consider it the greatest fool law ever passed by a nation that claims to be civilized." The rest of his letter reads:

Before the passage of the Prohibition Law we had one hotel. Young people were not drinking. Now all are drinking with but few exceptions; mighty few. We are paying more taxes than ever before. We are filling our prisons to overflowing. More judges to be appointed—from ten to twelve thousand cases

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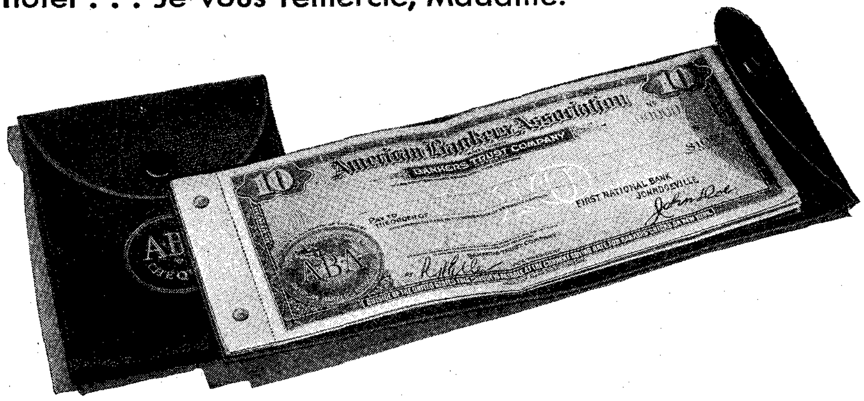

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

before the courts now. The violators in New York and Pennsylvania would fill all the prisons in the United States, and there would be a waiting list from New York to Chicago.

Conflicting opinions divide the doctors as widely as other professional classes.

Here is a Seattle, Washington, physician voting for repeal "with reluctance," since it seems to him that "there should be nothing more than the Chicago gangland affairs to convince the dry enthusiasts that we are on the wrong road."

Here is a Battle Creek, Michigan, physician, voting dry, but explaining:

> I am not in hearty sympathy with the present Prohibition laws, but they are so much better than anything we have had before that I am in favor of them to continue, and any letting down or backing up at the present time and under existing conditions, I fear will be only to give more sanction than ever to our already over-lax condition of law enforcement, thus causing more crime, and perhaps grave danger to the nation.

From Post-office Rural Route No. 10, out of Springfield, Ohio, comes this wet-voting physician's country-city view of the situation:

> The superintendent of our local Sunday-school said, some time ago, that he would enforce Prohibition in New Moorefield if he could. Public sentiment here would not support an effective enforcement of Prohibition here, but as a community, we are strong on Prohibition for New York. I think that it is a fundamental principle of social law, that what is customary in a community is lawful in that community. Our present Prohibition program ignores this fundamental principle of social order. I do not think we can afford to do that.

Several dry-voting doctors insist that "the liquor element can never be trusted in any way."

More discussion of the medical status of alcohol might have been expected from our voluntary doctor-correspondents. Yet the few such letters are interesting to the layman. Votes pro and con in the DIGEST Prohibition Poll are clear from the following quotations:

> I have practised medicine for thirty-nine years and for the past twenty-five years I have not prescribed alcohol in any form except as a disinfectant. It is a drug, a very poor one at that, and should be used as a drug and not as a beverage. It is a poor evanescent stimulant. As a beverage it is a destroyer of homes, health, and happiness. As a law of the land the Eighteenth Amendment should be enforced as strictly as the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Law or as a law against murder. When we can elect officials who will be true to their oath of office the Eighteenth Amendment will be enforced.—Dr. W. W. Harper, Selma, Alabama.

> We, as physicians, have our intelligence insulted more than any other class of individuals by the Prohibition laws.
>
> When some swivel-chair artist, who has

not the slightest conception of the practise of medicine, and who, perhaps, has not so much as a high-school education, and even if he has a college education, can tell us where we may use whisky in the treatment of diseases, the disgrace to the profession is beyond conception.

I am making it a point, as I visit my patients, to acquaint them with the absurd ruling, the prescribing of whisky, especially in pneumonia, and I wish it were possible to have several hundred ballots to distribute among them.—Dr. V. E. Bellinger, Beacon, New York.

I am eighty-five years of age, graduated in medicine in 1869. Have had sixty years' experience as druggist and physician in use of alcohol. Judging from a scientific standpoint it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting as a remedy for internal use; for mechanical and external use it has a value. It is the greatest question before the world to-day, and failure to enforce the Prohibition laws would be a tragedy indeed, and a calamity such as we have never known. It seems to me in this machine age the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment is imperative to protect life and property.

I congratulate you in this undertaking, and take great pleasure in expressing myself in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. If a failure it will be because of ignorance of the truth.—Dr. B. F. Craven, Waco, Texas.

In direct opposition to Dr. Craven's views we have a tolerant examination of alcohol from an evolutionary point of view by a Nebraska physician—Dr. E. S. Case, of Curtis, who writes:

I believe the drinking of alcohol in limited quantities is not injurious. The fact that ethyl alcohol alone among the whole chemical alcohol series is not toxic to the human organism is evidence of acquired immunity, resulting from the constant distillation of alcohol in the digestive tract from food fermentation which takes place continuously in the intestine, and has gone on for 3 or 4 million years, during our man and ape-man period of existence, and probably 30 to 40 million years among our mammalian ancestors, who antedated the simian type. This system of nature, constant distillation and absorption of alcohol, has produced the physiological immunity to the ethyl combination.

A huge overdose continually, as in the cases of chronic alcoholism, can and does produce destructive pathological effects on the human organism. But an ingestion within degrees limited to a reasonable approximation of the compulsory natural ingestion to which our ancestors have been subjected for at least 40 million years, has no physiological ill-effect, and in ways both physiological and psychological is distinctly beneficial, beyond a doubt.

The above is my scientific opinion as a practising physician of thirty-five years' experience.

Sociologically speaking, we are facing a hard problem. The evolution of mankind, I believe, is distinctly away from the use of alcohol in excessive dosage. I believe as we move from the lower to the higher, from the "homogeneous to the heterogeneous," which is our inevitable line of development, that excessive drinking by the general population will be steadily curtailed, and it will be used in ever-increasing moderation. This will be brought about by the increasing mental and nervous strain of the

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increasing complexities and engendered strenuousities of our materialistic and machinery-run civilization, which the scientific spirit will dominate and make permanent for the future.

Ten years of Prohibition have proved conclusively that Prohibition is a failure. To face the truth, and settle it by some sane and sensible compromise, would be a far better method, and the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and a frank acknowledgment of our mistake and the substitution of a workable system would be best. But good sense in matters political may always remain an evanescent dream.

Numbers of both wet- and dry-voting physicians want us to understand that their votes should be shaded somewhat in favor of modification, government control, registry of individual purchasers, etc. Dr. Sidney E. Smith of Woodhaven, New York, teetotaler, voting for modification, writes:

My observation as an active physician is that Prohibition is a curse rather than a blessing. In my experience a majority of the homes make either beer or wine (or both). Many that never drank now make and drink. Prohibition has set temperance back fifty years. We are bordering on a state of anarchy. Let us be sensible. Let the people who wish have their beer and wine, but continually teach the danger of alcohol without fanaticism, but never let the curse of the corner saloon come back.

Dr. L. Wall of Burlington, Iowa, wants modification upwards. In part, he writes:

I, myself, voted for strict enforcement, but at the same time I favor modification, but it is a modification upward and not downward, and there are tens of thousands of other people like-minded.

"A sane regulatory law." Trot it out, will you, please? During the eighty-odd years of evolution leading up to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, as a logical sequence, none was ever discovered.

If any man has anything better than that which we already have let's have it.

Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and what will you have? The old State regulation again with forty-eight different kinds of regulation, which in effect means no regulation. The Down Modificationists, when it comes to the scratch, having seen through the proposition will stand for the amendment rather than go back to the Slough of Despond, where we wallowed eighty years.

The solid South is not solidly dry in the field of medical opinion. From Hickory, North Carolina, Dr. K. A. Price, voting modification, writes:

In this subdivision of Sam's Dominion the Turlington Act out-Volsteads Volstead. In effect Turlington tells Volstead he's nothing, if not a piker, for trusting doctors with the quart-a-month provision of the National Law. Prohibition is abstract, a relative term, and nobody should be foolish enough to believe that an institution which has come down through the centuries can be annihilated with a single stroke, such as was attempted in America ten years ago.

Moreover, nobody with a grain of common sense wants to deprive suffering hu-

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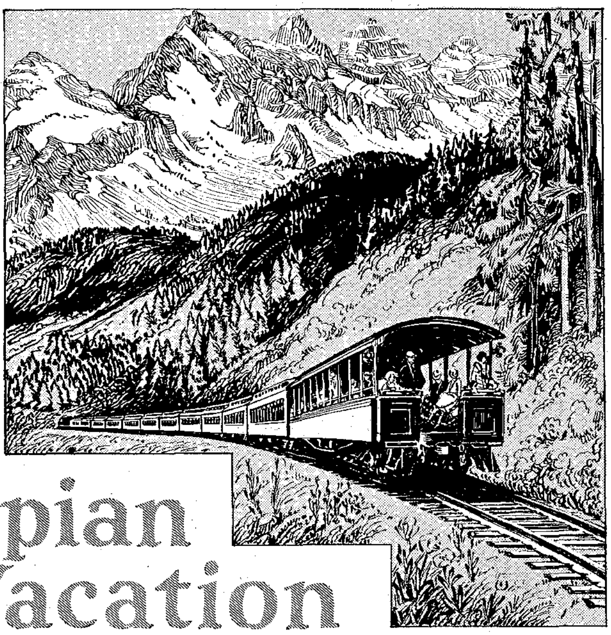
manity of beneficial and curative drugs. Laymen attempting to proscribe the doctor's armamentarium straightway become tyrants of first magnitude. In my judgment there is no medicine or food under the sun known to man that will surpass properly brewed beer for increasing the milk supply in those mothers whose starving infants demand and actually need more nourishment. And what's more, there's absolutely no better carminative for the colicky infant than a few drops of brandy in a spoonful of warm water. Withal, every unbiased physician knows we have no safe stimulants for children save brandy and whisky.

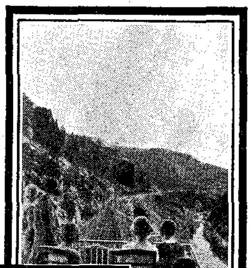
On the other side of the fence, a New Mexico physician, Dr. C. D. Ottosen, of Willard, plugs for the Eighteenth Amendment. He writes:

> I am for Prohibition 1,000 times. All classes of people, rich or pauper, bum or respectable, wet or dry, ignorant or educated, regardless of class or occupation—all agree on the essential and most important part concerning Prohibition and the Volstead Law:
>
> That is, alcohol is the most dangerous and deadly enemy the human race has to contend with. It degenerates man before he is born. It converts a brilliant man into an imbecile. It ruins a young man's prospects. It will cause men to murder, steal, defraud, and lie to obtain it.
>
> Conductors, engineers, brakemen, firemen, switchmen, operators, and dispatchers, and tower-men are as dangerous to the human race as Black Death if they take a small drink of liquor.
>
> Automobile drivers and all kinds of occupations needing head work are ruined by this vicious liquid.
>
> The Volstead Law has worked fine. It can not accomplish much for twenty years. By that time, thank God, the old bums will be dead. Many "higher-ups" are among the bums.
>
> The young degenerates can be checked, and eventually get rid of the curse. If you had all the rattlesnakes in a cage, you would not turn some loose, and we must not turn the greater snake loose.

A physician in Orange, New Jersey, votes repeal, but this Dr. Linn Emerson is an exception among our medical correspondents, in goodnaturedly explaining that his real answer to the DIGEST poll is "yes" to all three questions. Thus:

> When the census enumerator asked Nat Goodwin "Are you single, married, widowed, or divorced?" Nat answered, "Yes." Like Nat, my answer to all three of your questions is "Yes."
>
> The first question implies an untruth—it implies that the law is now strictly enforced, while everybody knows that such is not the case.
>
> If you asked me if I favored an amendment to the Constitution compelling every one to practise the Golden Rule and follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, my answer would be "no"; but if you asked me whether I favored such an amendment to the Constitution and its strict enforcement, my answer would be unqualifiedly "yes," even tho I knew strict enforcement impossible.
>
> To the second question my answer must be "yes," as I believe in temperance, and believe that the Italian should have his wine and the German his beer.
>
> My answer to the third question is





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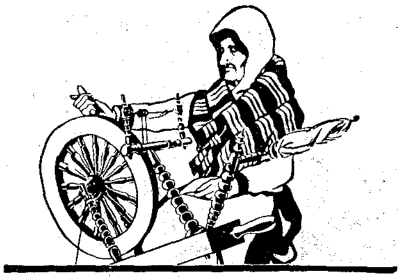

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

"yes," because it is a well-known fact that to enforce Prohibition is impossible.

Before the Prohibition Amendment, and even in the day of the saloon, it was against the law to sell to a minor, to a person who was intoxicated, or to a person who had been "posted" by his family.

I think that if one one-hundredth of the money we are now spending in an attempt to enforce Prohibition had been spent to enforce the law as it then was, conditions would have been very much better than they are now.

When we have a law to remedy a certain evil, and it is not being enforced, it does not seem that a more stringent law to remedy the same condition, which will be less easily enforced, is going to ameliorate that condition.

All the talk about "loyalty to the Government" and the "sanctity of the law" is sheer nonsense. Our law-books are full of statutes that are unenforceable, and which nobody attempts or expects to enforce.

In some States it is unlawful on Sunday to ride in a railroad train, in others to deliver a newspaper, and in another for a man to kiss his wife "good-by" at a railroad station.

We all know that the Fifteenth Amendment to our Constitution is flagrantly violated in the South. Are not all the better element in South Carolina as great hypocrites and rascals when they fail to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, as people in similar walks of life in New Jersey when they disregard the Eighteenth Amendment?

The advocates of Prohibition gratuitously assume that all opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment are drinkers, not realizing that thousands of the opponents, or so-called "wets," are opposed to Prohibition because they believe in temperance, and realize the futility of any attempt at an enforcement of Prohibition.

They also claim that the "wets" have no solution to offer. I feel sure if all alcoholic beverages were sold by the Government, and the sale conducted as our Postal Department is run, with little or no profit, bootlegging and rum-running would become a poor-paying business, being deprived of the sinews of war with which it now purchases fast motor-boats, high-powered cars, and machine-guns, hires gangsters and gunmen, and lavishly corrupts politicians, policemen, and government enforcement agents.

To encourage temperance, the severe penalizing of all cases of public intoxication would meet but little opposition from all classes of society.

A comforting suggestion, while THE DIGEST is under a fierce barrage from both wets and drys, comes from Dr. John Marshall French of Milford, Massachusetts, who writes:

I have read with much interest the criticisms of the wets and the drys on your conduct of the DIGEST poll on Prohibition, and would like to add my own conclusions.

It seems to me that no paper could well be more impartial than you have been thus far; and judging from your past efforts in similar undertakings, I believe you will continue so to the end.

I do not deny that I might enjoy a

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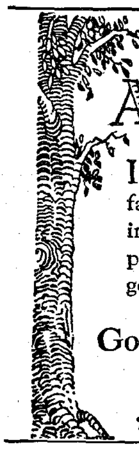

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> more partizan stand on your part—provided the stand was on my side. But I realize that such a course would give more weight to the claim of the other side, that you were working against them, and that hence your conclusions were of no value.
>
> So I am satisfied to have you continue on in the same course you have followed so successfully in your previous LITERARY DIGEST polls. Hew to the line, and let the chips fall where they may.

It is interesting to compare the doctors' letters with those of lawyers, which continue to pour in.

Many lawyer voters for the two extremes of enforcement and repeal desire to express certain reservations. Among drys, for example, H. T. Leonard, Kosciusko, Mississippi, as a practitioner and citizen, can not do otherwise than favor strict enforcement of this, as well as all other laws, but, he adds, "I would not be averse to a modification of the law as contained in the second question, tho I find myself compelled to vote for No. 1." A voting Prohibitionist for forty-five years, familiar with conditions under both license and Prohibition, Joseph Morton of St. Joseph, Missouri, writes:

> There is no kind of question that the Eighteenth Amendment and the statutes thereunder, and the administration of the law by the Treasury Department, has been of immense benefit in this section of the country, in material prosperity and also in the sobriety of the people.
>
> I favor conscientious obedience to the Constitution and the law under it, enacted by our representatives, and I prefer to phrase my attitude to the question in this way than to say that I favor continuance and strict enforcement of the law. However, I adapt my vote to the form of the ballot presented.
>
> I believe results will be more satisfactory when the appeal is made to the citizen to conform his own conduct to the Constitution and the law rather than appeal to him to compel his neighbor to obey the Constitution and the law.

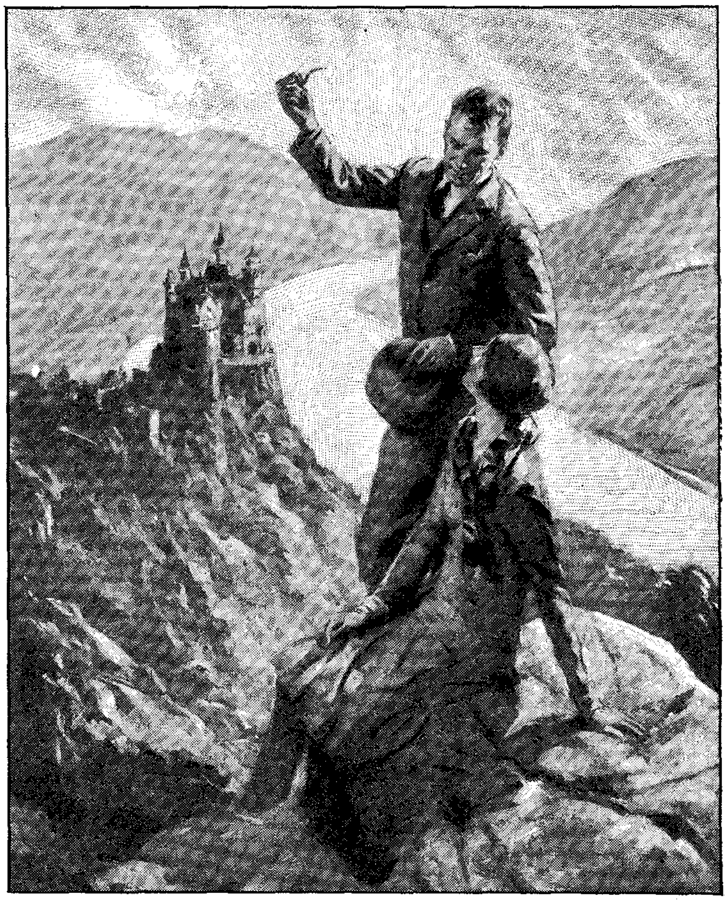
The lawyers, just like other intensely interested folks, favor THE DIGEST with brickbats and bouquets. Says a Louisiana attorney: "What the heck do you mean by stirring up this Prohibition stink worse than what it is?"

Says a Cincinnati lawyer, severely:

> As I understand it, the Prohibition amendment, and the laws relating thereto, were constitutionally enacted. There is a constitutional way of changing the law and the constitutional amendment provided the advocates of the change have sufficient votes. I think that in matters of this kind it is a good idea to adhere to the constitutional methods.

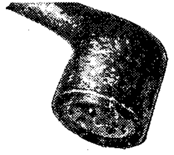
"Why not take a poll relative to the Income Tax amendment? There is no doubt many people are opposed to that," remarks a member of the bar in Washington, Indiana.

"You are doing the American people a great favor by permitting them to express their opinion on this most important question," declares a Miami barrister.



"If I were king, my pipe should be premier!"

—W. E. HENLEY



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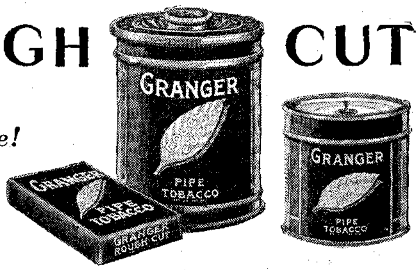

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A GERMAN SOLDIER'S STRENUOUS REST

ALL was not beer and skittles in the German Army.

This may be surprizing news to many an ex-doughboy, and to even more of those who stayed at home during the World War.

For when some captured German trenches revealed the existence of well-made concrete dugouts, with electric lights and stoves, pictures, even pianos, and all the other comforts of home, many believed that the German fighting man lived "the life of Riley."

But, according to "Schlump, the Story of a German Soldier" (Harcourt, Brace), the Germans had cooties, too, slept in the mud, and endured all the hardships of the Allied forces.

"Schlump," written by its central figure, is supposed to give a typical picture of a German soldier in the ranks.

There was, for example, Schlump's dream that he had been promoted to Sergeant. It came when he was on leave and had a chance to rest, wash, and get fresh underwear. And it was rudely ended by a sentry who called him and his comrades to hard, hard toil.

When Schlump and his friends were relieved, they had a "long and grueling" march to their quarters. They had "to pass along a defile which the Tommies kept under constant fire. Three o'clock on Monday morning they arrived, dog-tired, half-broken, in a state of collapse. Their bodies hungered from head to foot for sleep. But at 6 o'clock in the morning, they were again awakened." When the human alarm clock roused Schlump, it seemed to him that he had only just lain down. And, we read further in this "debunking" of the belief that the German army man had a sinecure:

He swore at the man, and the man heard him. Then Schlump had to go out at once and clean the heavy spades while the others were drinking their warm coffee.

And the grind began—one inspection after the other: mess-kit, helmet, overcoat, coat, rifle, side-arms, water-bottle: everything had to be like new.

And in between, drill: falling flat, getting up, salute exercises. There seemed to be no way of keeping things clean. There was no soap, or if there was, it was very poor. They scrubbed and polished, they washed and labored, they cleaned and patched. Rest was out of the question. Schlump's dream kept recurring to him, and he had no spirit for this kind of work. At inspection he got a bawling out:

"For God's sake, what kind of a pig are you? Just look at that filth."

And the Top Sergeant with the heavy notebook hanging over his chest put a finger through Schlump's buttonhole and pulled him out of line. "Two hours' punishment drill. And show up every half-hour in full uniform. God help you if you're not as clean as a pin."

That night they were permitted to sleep, from early evening right into the next morning. But the night after, the alarm was sounded. At 2 o'clock they were torn out of their sleep; they had to make up their packs and be outside in five minutes. And it lasted through the whole night. The artillery happened to be moving forward into position, and it seemed as if their sole object was to splash along the ruts in the road and spatter the infantry with filth.

They marched onward for another half-hour. The road became drier. Way up there on a hill, stood the regimental commander, whom Schlump had never seen till now; he held his watch in his hand. "Company Seven is ten minutes late."

Then they were permitted to go back to quarters. It was just alarm drill. "They can do that with us!" Schlump was raging.

The next night they were again allowed to sleep right through—but the night after that they were on duty. They had to go up to the second line of the first position to dig.

The company commander did not go along: only Lieutenant Grün and two Sergeants. They marched wordlessly, half asleep.

They were in an evil temper; the Tommies kept up a continuous machine-gun fire from the flank and in front. Schlump worked furiously to make some cover for himself. The trench had fallen in completely. Schlump thought of the cornetist who had fallen on that day.

The rain stopt, and it became ice-cold. Then they lay down in the wet filth to get some sort of shelter from the sharp wind which cut them to the bone.

"Come on, boys! We'll beat it back," one man called from his corner. The Corporals were silent. They put their heads together and cursed. No order came for the return, and they waited there while the hours passed.

Slowly the slime came dripping down from the wet trench walls which they had just dug out and grew into heaps of filth behind their backs.

At about 4 o'clock the two Sergeants returned; they had been all this time in a dugout playing cards. One of them was still laughing—he was the winner, we are told as the account continues:

"Well, boys," he said, "I can't let you go back. I've got to wait for the Lieutenant."

At 5 o'clock, when the east was beginning to light up faintly the Lieutenant returned, half asleep. "March easy," he commanded softly. They were happy; not one of them had a word to say.

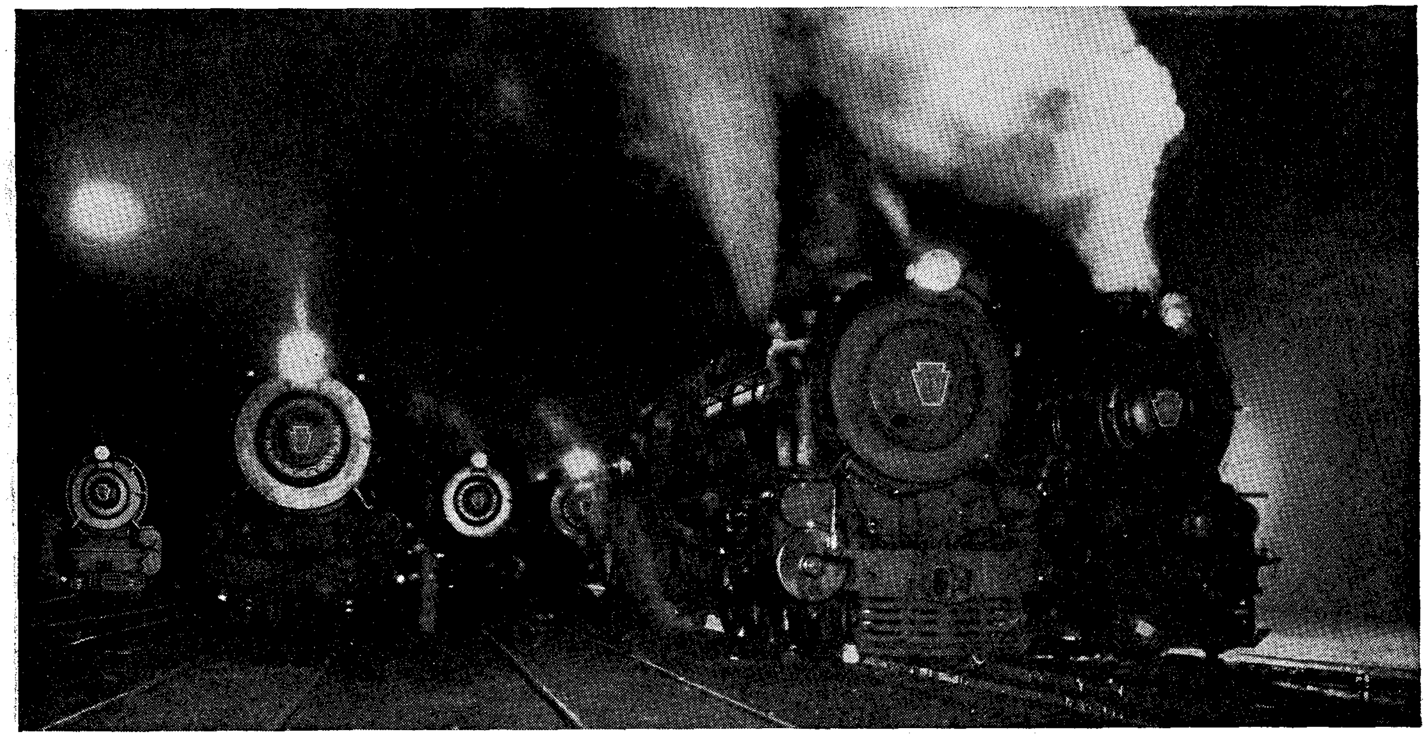
On Saturday they had no duty—they were to go back to the front the next day. From midday on, Schlump sat steadily in the canteen.

He had made a present of his food to the cooks—he couldn't stand the taste of red beef. But there was plenty of beer in the canteen, and he continued to sit there.

After the midday meal the Lance Corporals came in and sat down at his table, among them Paul Biersack—he was from Schlump's home town—who had just got his Lance Corporal's insignia.

Paul took six matches out of his pocket, broke one of them in two, and threw one-half away. Then he held the six matches in his hand in such wise that only the red heads were visible, and every soldier had to draw. The man who drew the half match had to pay a round of beer. Then the next man took the five and a half matches and let the others draw.

A month later, when Schlump was lying in the hospital, he remembered that delightful game they had played.



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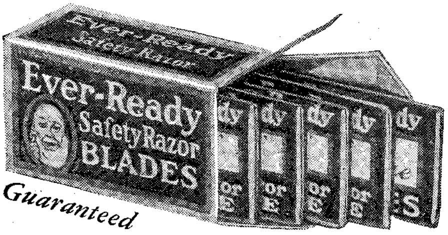

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned. Unpublished poetry unavailable

THERE is no use trafficking with saints and seers, unless you can see with them, or we miss this in *The North American Review:*

DOMREMY

By Mary Lindsley

I said to her, "Jehanne, the lark gives tongue
On the Burgundians' flower-grown redoubt.
Your eyes are like the tide that ebbs among
The shifting shells, and draws the seaweed out
With a soft sighing; and the year is young,
And a long whispering blows the grass about."
I said, "Jehanne, the vines and wild weeds creep
About your sabots and your slumbering sheep
Whose silver bells ring merrily and low."
She said, "Do you hear trumpets by the Keep?"
And I turned paler; but I answered, "No."

I said, "Jehanne, the old wives sit all day,
Stooped in their doorways, winding scarlet yarn,
While the brown-footed urchins send the hay
Cascading from the rafters of the barn,
Until their mothers call them from their play,
And kiss the little coats they brush and darn."
I said, "Jehanne, enough for you and me,
Sweet milk, bright pewter, peace in Domremy.
That blinding light will soften on your face."
She said, "It beats from flames you can not see."
And I said, "No," but grieved a little space.

I said, "Jehanne, ours is a God of love,
Cradling the broken sparrows in His breast.
He dwells in church and cottage. Lamb and dove
Are His; and His the happy bridegroom, blessed
In his fair bride. The candles burn above
Your wreath, awry, and my embroidered vest."
I said, "Jehanne—" But, lo, Saint Michael spread
His wings between us; bowed his haloed head
In silent benediction over hers;
Yet looked on me with sorrowing eyes. I fled
Down the dim sheep-path to my villagers.

ONE enthusiast tells the "Conning Tower" of the New York *World* that his college class is not a bore:

POETRY CLASS: CITY COLLEGE EVENING SESSION

By Isidore Kissen

With timid hands we weave the woof and warp,
  And fondly try for faultless tapestries;
Tremblingly we pluck upon the harp,
  In patient hope that out upon the breeze
Would float a deathless chord no lyricist
  Had ever struck before; we drink deep here
Upon the dewdrops and the pearly mist
  That drench our whole enchanted atmosphere.

For two fast-fleeting hours we erase
  The outside world, the planets, satellites,
That merrily go whirling by in space—
  We sing our songs and fly to dazzling heights.

In this small room mad magic casts a spell
That all too soon is shattered by the bell!

IN *The Commonweal* (New York) is a challenge for those who can not see the hand of God in the weakest of his creatures:

THE JELLY FISH

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Had God no other heart but this
  To show the beauty that is He,
This single, cold heart were enough,
  Solitary in the sea.

Here are the chorals of the tides,
  The music of the far moon's might,
Here the processionals of day
  And here recessionals of night.

The power that throws up the surf
  Of stars unborn on outer space
Shows as surely in this veined
  Creature which is opal lace.

The circles where the planets make
  A year seem comely as an hour
Are no surer than the whorl
  Of the edge of this live flower.

The white volcanoes of a sun
  Ten million hissing furlongs hurled
Are repeated in this pulse,
  This cool heart-beat of a world.

Yearning and repletion shape
  This systole and this diastole,
And in this frail transparency
  God moves essentially and whole.

A NEW magazine, *Acadie*, (Fredericton) comes out of New Brunswick with a promise of good poetry since it is edited by Theodore Goodridge Roberts. Here is a picture of belated spring:

CROWS ON THE RIVER

By K. P.

Black crows out on the grey and white,
  Flapping and cawing;
Loud geese up in the starry night;
  Old snow thawed and old ice thawing:
The waking river, under his shell
  Feels his muscles tingle and swell,
Squares his shoulders, heavy and sore. . . .
  Alders quiver along the shore!

Black wings over the white and grey
  Flap up and down.
The ponds are flooded; the brooks are away;
  The sappy alders are wet and brown.
The eager river, under the ice,
  Humps his shoulders once, and twice—
Humps his shoulders just once more. . . .
  Open water along the shore!

Glad crows out in the windy sun,
  Cawing and flapping,
And riding the logs as they plunge and run
  And crash where the grinding jam is snapping;
Riding the wind and sailing the drift
  Where spent ice crumbles and torn trees lift;
Cheering the river with impish glee. . . .
  Winter is tumbling out to sea!

DOTH she protest too much? Ah, but she will keep her word—she says. In the New York *Herald Tribune:*

LOVE'S ANCIENT OATH

By Paul Dillingham

When I am old, and can no more remember
  How water gleams beneath a golden moon;
How coldly blue are shadows in December,
  And how the bees hold carnival in June;
When faintly sounds half-recollected thunder,
  And pale has grown the flame of sunset skies;
I shall recall, with all my old-time wonder,
  The dark, breath-taking beauty of your eyes.

When I am old, almost too old for sorrow,
  Too weary from the burdens of each day
To dream of joy in some remote tomorrow,
  Or overmuch to care for work or play;
When, chilled by age, I have forsworn all passion,
  All anger, pity, rapture or desire,
I still shall love you after my old fashion,
  Still burn for you with all my ancient fire.

HERE is a majesty of treatment that befits the theme. In *Harper's*. France would afford us more frequent object-lessons for this tribute:

POPLARS

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

They are the hillside monarchs, these
Lombardy poplar trees.
Above the lower reaches of the shade,
They wear their coronals of light—
Cool silver in the fiercest noon—
And in the audience chamber of the night,
Where courtier aspens go arrayed
In all the velvet darkness of the glade,
They only, wear the fillet of the moon.

They are the guardians of the street,
Standing, from head to feet
In armor burnished by the wind that strays
In higher ethers and leaves free
The branches of a wider girth
On every motionless and lowlier tree.
While sheltering from the treacherous ways
They give their hearts to thrushes, that shall praise
A lyric throne above the listening earth.

So being royal, shall they bear
The fury of the air—
These, that for guests, had little singing things,
When armies of the winds assail
And all the batteries of the sky
Release the shattering charges of the hail.
For these that touched the lyric wings
Of life have yet the dauntless hearts of kings
And show at need how wounded monarchs—
die.

MR. MARSH in *The London Mercury* takes a turn at rendering La Fontaine. The famous French fabulist told his story in shorter compass, but modern psychology needs a wider canvas in which to express itself:

THE VULTURES AND THE PIGEONS

(VII. viii.)

BY EDWARD MARSH

Mars filled the air with rage of beak and wing.
Among the Birds intestine strife arose—
Not them who throng the leafy court of Spring,
And by example and sweet carolling
Wake Venus in our thawing breasts; nor those
Harnessed by Cupid to his Mother's car—
No, 'twas the hook'd and talon'd Vulture tribe
That for a dead dog's carcase fell to war.
Blood rained in sheets (I don't exaggerate—
Details I must omit for want of breath
To tell the whole; but what I do describe
You may depend upon as accurate).

The Captains and the Heroes soared to death,
And from his rock Prometheus watched th' event
Which promised surcease of his punishment.
What feats of courage to delight the eye!
What pangs of pity when the bravest die!
Feints, stratagems, surprises play their part,
The cunning brain no less than valiant heart.
The rival hosts in fiery wrath essay
To crowd with conquered wings the nether sky,
And darken yet the dim Plutonian day.
Meantime another race—how different they,
With changeful necks, but tender hearts and
true!—
In agonized compassion watched the fray.
To stem such warfare what could Pigeons do?
They sent ambassadors to mediate,
Who wrought so well, the foes laid by their hate,
And peace ensued—alas, at whose expense?
At theirs who had so richly earned their loves.
The bandit nation turned upon the Doves,
And made such carnage of their innocence,
Not one was left in hamlet or in wood.
Poor gentle victims! sure 'twas little sense
To reconcile a folk so harsh and rude.

The Wicked should be kept at variance:
Such is the only safeguard of the Good.
Embroil them, egg them on: 'tis your sole
chance. . . .
But hush! the theme is better not pursued.

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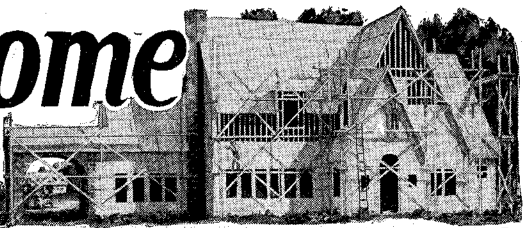
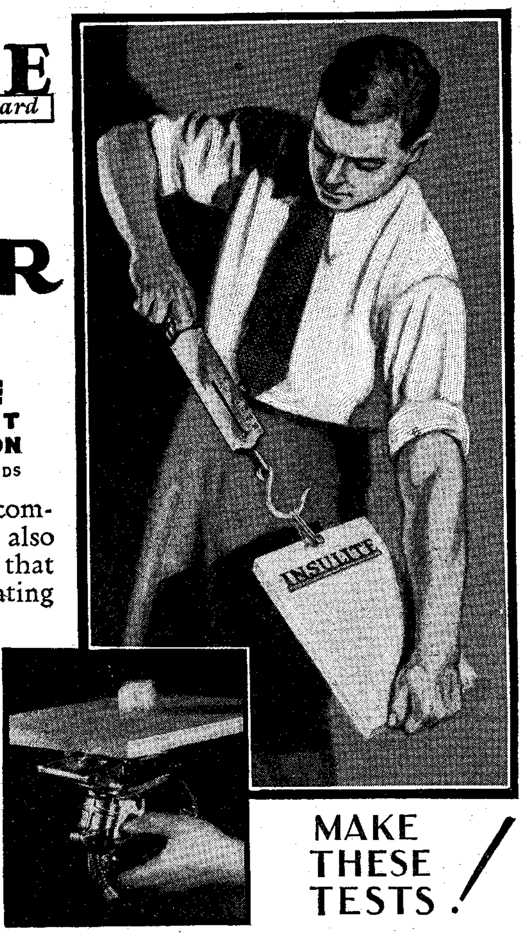




INVESTMENTS ▼ AND ▼ FINANCE

REVERBERATIONS OF THE COPPER DROP

MID-APRIL'S OUTSTANDING EVENT, according to financial writers who have been talking about it ever since, was the mark-down of copper from 18 cents to 14 cents a pound.

Of course this means, we are told, smaller profits for producers, possible smaller dividends for stockholders, lower wages for miners, but also good news for consumers of copper, who will be able to buy it more cheaply.

And the effect seems to outrun by far the circle of copper buyers and sellers in that it marks the completion of price deflation among important commodities. As *The Business Week* puts it, "the last stand of defiance against the law of economic gravitation gave way spectacularly with copper."

While lower prices mean smaller profits in the industry, there is a general impression that the new price will stimulate demand. J. C. Royle of the Consolidated Press finds many in government circles in Washington expecting "to see copper recover in price, since it is an essential commodity, and lower prices are deemed likely to revive both foreign and domestic demand." And the optimistic thought occurs to a market commentator in *The Wall Street Journal* that "one can say of the copper situation that over the last fifty years it has come back and reached new peaks after every severe setback."

The announcement of the four-cent slash, as the New York *Journal of Commerce* notes, "followed a long battle within the industry between those who wanted to break the buyers' strike by a price slash and those who claimed that depress business conditions and not high prices caused the slump in consumption." We are reminded that "the price of copper had held at the 18-cent level for a full year, lacking a day." It was on April 15 that Copper Exporters, Inc., who can fix prices for export, according to law, cut the export price from 18.30 cents to 14.30, which was promptly followed by the cut in the domestic price from 18 to 14 cents. The 18-cent price had been in effect since April 16, 1929. According to the New York daily the chief reason for the mark-down was the revelation in the March statistics of an increase in stocks of refined copper "of 22,897 tons to the total of 256,020 tons, the largest stocks since the end of January, 1922, and equal to two and a half months' consumption." *The Journal of Commerce* thinks the drop in price should be a constructive happening for all concerned:

> Undoubtedly substitutes for copper were being used when the metal was selling at 18 cents. Consumers will again turn back to the use of the "everlasting metal."
>
> It has been the experience of producers of alloy stainless steel, a product which has competed somewhat with copper, that every reduction by 1 cent per pound increased consumption 20 per cent. Probably, therefore, consumption of copper will increase. The average cost of producing a pound of copper is 9 cents, tho this figure probably does not provide for the depreciation of copper-ore reserves.

The cut in price, so the New York *Herald Tribune* hears, is expected in Wall Street to stimulate copper-buying, and speed the expansion and improvement programs of utilities and other large consuming interests, resulting in more employment in many lines, and, besides, Wall Street feels "that an uncertain situation has been clarified, and a depressing possibility, which had been hanging over the stock market for many months, has been removed." The fact that the pegged price of 18 cents had lasted for a year should not make us forget, we read in *The Business Week*, that over a period of years copper has fluctuated in price as much as most commodities:

> From a war inflation of 37 cents it fell to 11¾ in 1921, only to recover to 24 before the end of March, 1929. The present price of 14 cents may be said to represent an average extending over recent prosperous years.

These four common-sense conclusions are said to have been drawn by practical metal men, continues *The Business Week:*

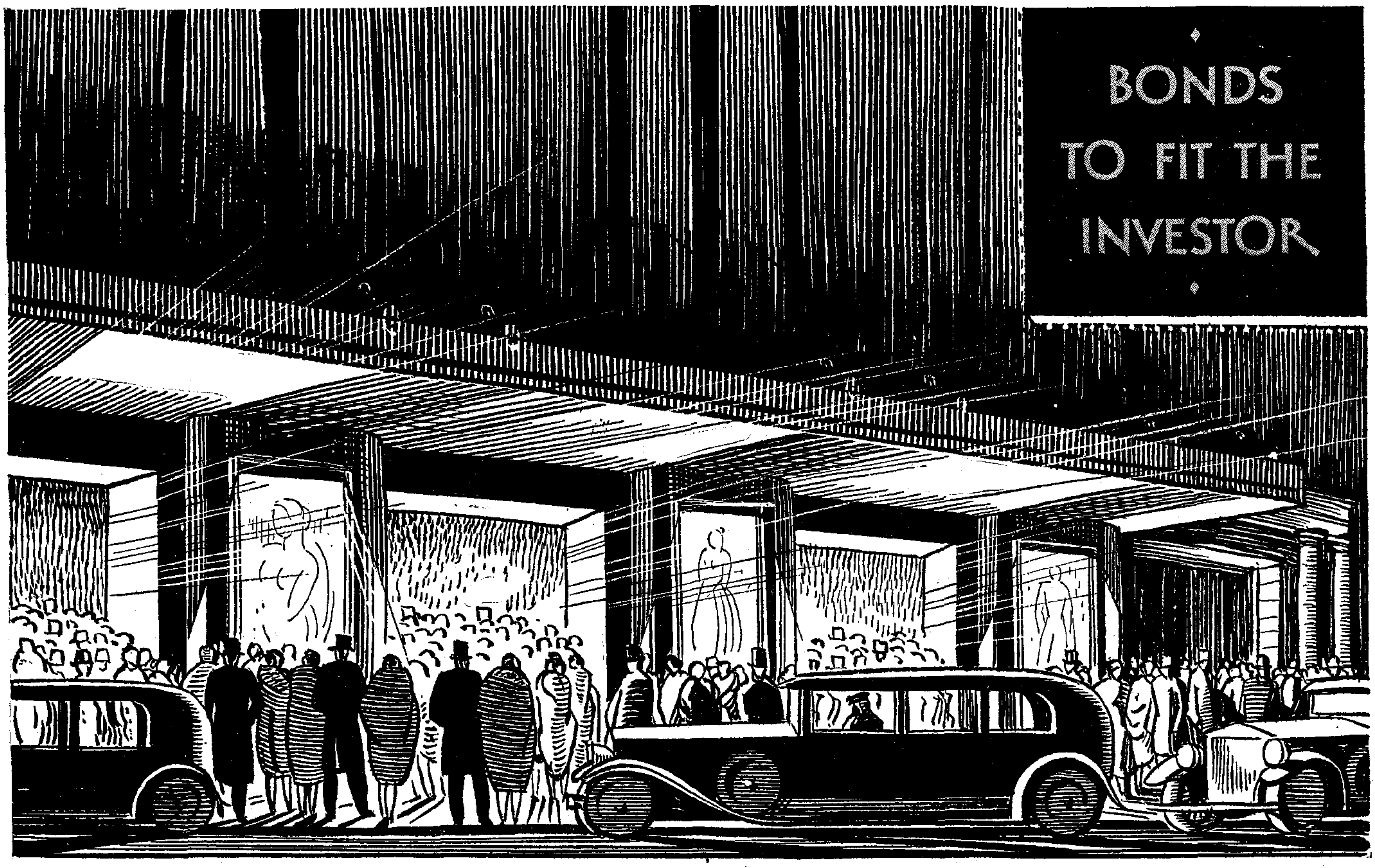
> 1. There will be no decrease in production.
> 2. There will be a considerable increase in consumption both here and abroad.
> 3. There will be no unemployment at the mines.
> 4. Big buyers feel the 14-cent price is still a little high.

Feeling in both business and banking circles, according to Charles F. Speare, Wall Street correspondent of the Consolidated Press, "is that the deflation in copper metal represents the last big adjustment to overproduction that will have to be made, and that from now on the adverse factor on industry of falling commodity prices will gradually be eliminated." He adds:

> Commodities have been on the down-grade in this country and throughout the world for several years.
>
> By the middle of March, the commodity price-index was eight points lower than in the same month of 1929.
>
> Most of this decline occurred subsequent to the beginning of the reaction in stocks from the high-record level of last September. In it were included the effects of the slump in farm products, in sugar, rubber, coffee, base metals, and textiles. While lead, zinc, and silver were reaching the lowest prices in many years, copper metal was artificially maintained just as had been over a considerable period the quotation for crude oil, while production of oil was outrunning consumption.
>
> With the copper producers now falling in line with the general tendency to list their product at a price that conforms with the demand for it, the business outlook assumes a clearer form.
>
> Already consumers of raw products had begun to regard commodity prices as close to the stabilization point.
>
> Wall Street some weeks ago convinced itself that it need not worry any longer over the fall in the prices of farm products and other commodities and, instead of continuing bearish on specific groups of shares that were affected early in the year by the commodity situation, it took a bullish position on them, and argued that manufacturers could now go ahead and buy at good figures the commodity elements that entered into their specific trade.
>
> The same logic was applied to-day in connection with copper metal, which is one of the primary requirements in a large number of the basic industries.
>
> It is estimated, for instance, that 21 per cent. of the copper consumed in the United States goes to the electrical manufacturers, like General Electric and Westinghouse.
>
> The power companies take another 13 per cent.
>
> While these corporations have been financing quite liberally this year on the basis of easy money, they have not been disposed to enter into large construction commitments until they could see daylight in the copper-metal situation.
>
> The same is true of the telephone and telegraph interests, who also use 12 per cent. of all the copper worked up in this country.
>
> The automobile manufacturers consume 13 per cent., and the building trade about 6 per cent. Both of these industries will benefit materially by the new situation.
>
> In all, the prospect is for a more stabilized commodity situation, as the conspicuously out-of-line industry was copper.
>
> This will assist in the recovery in domestic trade and in the furthering of business with other parts of the world.

What the copper price-cut means to stockholders is dwelt on briefly by a stock-market writer for the New York *Times:*

> The reduction of 4 cents a pound in the price of copper is expected to result in a reduction of the dividend payments of many copper companies.
>
> While the low-cost producers may be able to maintain dividend payments at the present rates, the high-cost producers, whose earning-power has been hard hit by the lower quotation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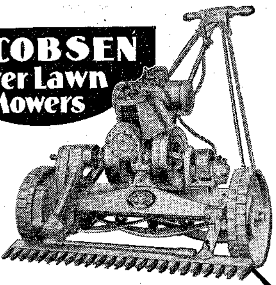

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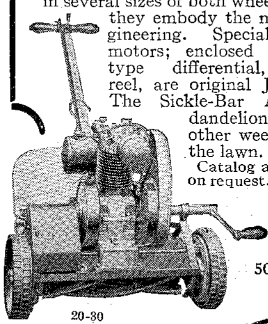
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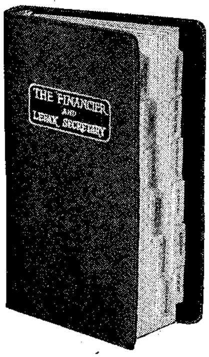

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

for the metal, will be compelled to curtail distributions to stockholders, Wall Street believes.

"So far as the important producers are concerned," writes Mr. Speare in another Consolidated Press dispatch, "they will not take up the question of what they ought to pay to their shareholders in the present crisis until from six weeks to two months have elapsed since the reduction in metal. They will then be in a better position to determine how far this adjustment has benefited them, and how long they will be required to sell at 14 cents."

"Holders of copper stocks may be in doubt as to the effect of the 4-cent cut in the selling price of the red metal on their dividend checks, but," writes John J. Leary, Jr. in the New York *World*, "the copper miner has no doubt as to the effect on his pay checks":

> Automatically the thousands who dig in the big mines of Montana, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and the Michigan peninsula find their wages cut 50 cents a day under the sliding-scale arrangement now in effect, while smelter hands are cut 25 cents a day. In addition, the low price of the metal will throw thousands out of employment through the enforced shutting-down of mines which can not make a profit in 14-cent copper.

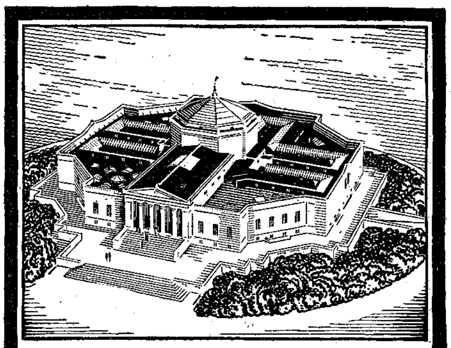
MOST RETAIL BUYING IS FOR CASH

HOW much of our retail buying is done on a cash basis?

An answer to this question comes from the Department of Commerce, which has completed a retail credit survey indicating that on the average a little less than 60 per cent. of the nation's retail purchasing is being done for cash.

As the investigation covers 24,000 outlets with sales amounting to about $5,000,000,000, the New York *Journal of Commerce* thinks it should be fairly representative of conditions. More detailed reports from 6,800 department and specialty stores, show, however, that the percentage of cash sales varies enormously with the type of goods sold. As *The Journal of Commerce* points out:

> Two thousand shoe stores report almost 90 per cent. of sales for cash, while 124 furriers sold but 37 per cent. of their goods on a cash basis. The low percentage of cash furniture sales is noticeable, with an average of but 15 per cent. On the other hand, cash sales of 892 department stores were almost two-thirds of the total.
>
> It is further noticeable that in the case of furs and furniture, with low averages of cash sales, the percentage of sales on the instalment plan is above the average, amounting to nearly 58 per cent. in the case of furniture.
>
> It would be interesting to know what proportion of the instalment selling represent credit business formerly done on a cash basis, and how much is business that



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might formerly have been done on open account. There has probably been considerable exaggeration of the buying stimulus of instalment selling, resulting from failure to recognize that many retail purchasers buying in this way would formerly have been permitted to open a charge account.

ONE WAY TO BEAT HARD TIMES

A NOTABLE place in the literature of salesmanship, so the New York *Times* thinks, should be given a letter which a self-described "hard-boiled salesman" writes to *The Times*. This gentleman, writing from Schenectady, has little patience with men of his profession who complain about bad business. But let him speak for himself:

> I am getting sick and tired of reading about the Calamity Janes blaming the lack of business on the recent Stock Exchange slump. It is not due to any such cause, but is due primarily to the lazy average salesman (?).

This may sound queer, continues this writer, but he insists that every time he hears "a salesman (?) crying about the lack of business," he relates three incidents that recently occurred. We quote two of them:

> Calling on a prominent concern in Hartford, Connecticut, I was told by that Calamity Jane of all Calamity Janes, the purchasing agent, that they were not buying anything.
>
> Told him I did not want to sell him, personally, anything, but did want to see the superintendent, to plant a few seeds.
>
> He said O. K., but we are not buying anything.
>
> While waiting for the superintendent four salesmen (?) called on the purchasing agent, and when he pulled the same wheeze on them, they gave him their cards and said, "When you are in the market, let me know."
>
> Twenty minutes later I had an order for two machines.
>
> Then in Providence, Rhode Island, in calling on another superintendent, I had to wait while the salesman (?) ahead of me cried on the superintendent's shoulder for twenty-five minutes about how every one was complaining about no business, but not one word did he say about his goods.
>
> When I finally got to the superintendent at 4:55 P. M., I told him that I wanted to save him some money and not cry on his shoulder. Going back the next day I sold a machine.

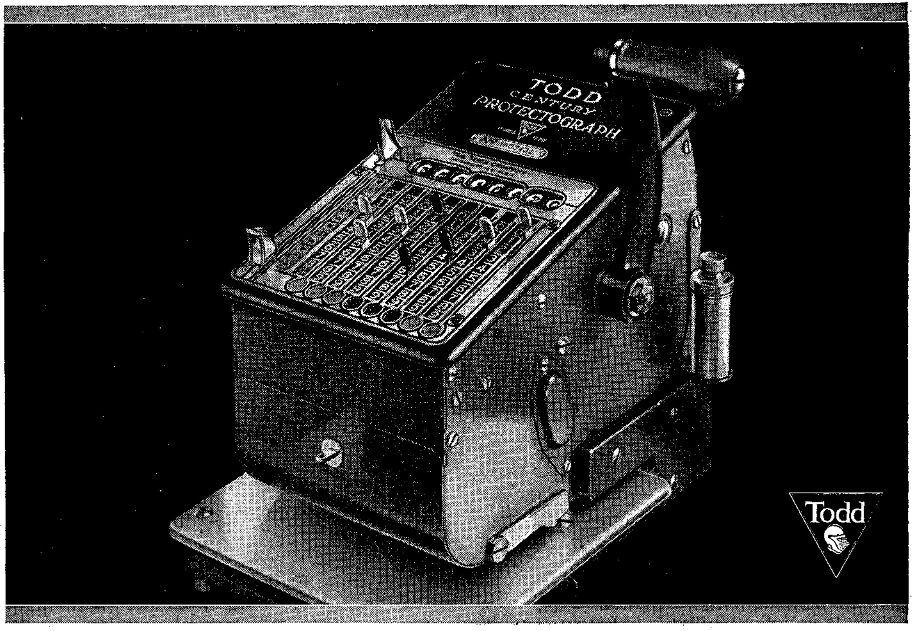
And this is the conclusion reached:

> Please let me tell the manufacturers of the country two things:
>
> 1. Their purchasing agents do not save them money by merely not spending it, and
>
> 2. Give their salesmen h—— and tell them to sell goods and not cry poverty.
>
> In this way we will have a rejuvenated country in a few weeks.

A *Times* editor calls the writer of this letter "a salesman after our own heart"—

> To such a mighty man of valor, depression offers no terrors, and sales resistance means no more than a brick wall to an army tank.

"WE WOULD NOT ACCEPT DOUBLE THE PRICE WE PAID"



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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

April 16.—Serious riots occur in cities on both east and west coasts of India.

Leonard B. Cassidy, of Boston, is kidnaped by disgruntled employees at El Hule, Oaxaca State, Mexico.

April 17.—Civil disobedience continues blazing in Karachi, India, where six leaders of the passive-resistence movement are sentenced to imprisonment, and Mahatma Gandhi declares that the struggle must go on unchecked.

April 18.—Only three escape and 144 persons are burned to death in the burning of a church in Gaesti, Roumania.

April 19.—Following an armed raid of Indian Nationalists on Chittagong on the Bay of Bengal, British troops are sent in pursuit of the raiders.

Rain extinguishes a four-day fire in Northern Negros province in the Philippines, after it has destroyed hundreds of homes, property worth $2,500,000, and caused the death of twelve people.

April 20.—Fighting is reported between small bodies of Nanking troops and their Northern enemies in China.

A typhoon destroys fourteen towns on the island of Leyte in the Philippines, with a large casualty list.

April 21.—Meeting at Birmingham, England, a group of "left-wingers" or radical laborites, decide to oppose the MacDonald Government in the House of Commons, thus cutting down the assured strength of the Labor party from 289 to 259.

Robert Bridges, poet laureate of England, dies, aged eighty-five, in his Oxford home.

April 22.—The London Naval Treaty providing for general naval limitation by the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, with additional agreements including France and Italy, is signed at London.

Police and troops suppress 50,000 rioters in Madras, India.

Gates W. McGarrah, New York banker, is elected President of the Bank for International Settlements, at Basle, Switzerland.

Dr. G. E. Purnell, an American dentist, is kidnaped by bandits near Guadalajara, Mexico.

DOMESTIC

April 16.—The Daughters of the American Revolution, in convention in Washington, adopt a resolution calling on Congress to construct and maintain a Navy "sufficient to protect our extensive coast line and wide-spread interests," and maintain an adequate Army and appropriate enough money to maintain the National Guard and citizens' military training-camps.

Henry H. Curran, of New York, President of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, tells the Senate lobby investigating committee under oath that "the Constitution of the United States incites people to revolt," and that "three out of four Americans" and "five sovereign States" are in revolt against the Eighteenth Amendment.

The General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing

Company acquire control of the Radio Corporation of America, it is announced.

April 17.—Henry H. Curran tells the Senate lobby investigating committee that the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment is planning a $1,000,000 campaign to elect wet members to Congress to offset the so-called Anti-Saloon League's "battle fund" of $850,000 to keep Congress dry.

The Alabama State Supreme Court upholds the State Democratic Executive Committee barring Senator J. Thomas Heflin and other former Democrats who supported Mr. Hoover in 1928 from becoming candidates in the party primary on August 12.

April 18.—A Montreal-Newark airplane crashes at Jersey City, killing four.

April 19.—Charles Scribner, publisher, aged seventy-six, dies in New York.

At a dinner of the American society of newspaper editors in Washington André Geraud of the *Echo de Paris*, better known as "Pertinax," and H. Wickham Steed discuss international relations, the latter remarking that American membership in the League might conceivably be "embarrassing" to other members.

Clarence de Mar wins his seventh victory in the annual Boston Marathon.

April 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh fly from Los Angeles to New York in 14 hours, 45 minutes, and 32 seconds, a new coast-to-coast record, despite one stop at Wichita, Kansas. This beats the non-stop record of Captain Hawks by nearly three hours.

It is announced at Washington that contracts for public construction during the first three months of this year are the highest in five years.

April 21.—Fire in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus causes the death of 318 convicts.

The Senate Judiciary Committee votes, 10 to 6, to report against the nomination of Judge John J. Parker to the U. S. Supreme Court.

On the floor of the Senate William E. Borah attacks the speeches of "Pertinax" and H. Wickham Steed as "unfair."

April 22.—President Hoover issues a warning that on the basis of pending legislation the Treasury faces a $20,000,000 deficit for the fiscal year 1930-31.

Frederick H. Payne of Massachusetts is appointed Assistant Secretary of War.

E. T. McCleary, age fifty-one, President of the Republic Steel Corporation, dies at Youngstown, Ohio.

Turn About Is Fair Play.—At a recent gathering of V. C.'s in London, the following story was told: A wounded man was being carried across No Man's Land on the back of a perspiring comrade. Rifle and machine-gun fire was heavy. "'Ere," suddenly exclaimed the wounded man, "what abaht turning rahnd an' walkin' backwards for a spell? You're gettin' the V. C., but I'm gettin' all the blinkin' bullets."—*Christian Register.*

Scotia's Orpheus.—The invention of the harp was due to an accident, we read. On the other hand, the inventor of the bagpipes was a Highland cottager who got the idea through stepping on a cat.—*Punch.*

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IS MILES AWAY

Telegraph Flowers Today
This safe FTD way

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Visit a florist displaying the Winged Mercury. He will telegraph your order to a fellow member of the F. T. D. who is under bond to make delivery exactly as though he had taken the order direct.

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May 11th

On this day set aside in Mothers honor, express your tender thoughts with fragrant flowers. Let them whisper that she is in your mind—and in your heart. A local F. T. D. florist will follow your instructions explicitly.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Wuxtry Speshul!—A Chicago gangster died a natural death. That looks like a swell plot for a mystery yarn.—*Judge.*

Good Hunting.—Wagg—"Have any luck hunting lions in Africa?"

Tagg—"Yes, I didn't meet one."—*Answers.*

When Neptune Has His Face Lifted.—Freddy—"What is an iceberg, Daddy?"

Daddy—"Why, it's a kind of a permanent wave, son."—*Boston Transcript.*

Reward of Shivers.—Chivers—"I take a cold shower every morning."

Williams—"Why brag about it?"

Chivers—"Gosh, that's why I take it!"—*Judge.*

Rehearsing for a Harp.—"At times my wife seems to be trying to be an angel."

"You mean when she wants something from you?"

"No; when she drives the car."—*Utica Press.*

We Know Him Well.—"I'm kind o' worried about that boy o' mine," said Farmer Corntossel. "He's one of those young fellows that's too smart to take advice and not quite smart enough to think it up for themselves."—*Washington Star.*

Plumper Pickin's.—First Hobo—"I'm like the poet, I long for the wings of a dove."

Second Ditto—"Huh! Right now I'd rather have the breast of a chicken, 'long with a couple'a drumsticks."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Budding Naturalist.—Little Albert came home from school with a new book under his arm. "It's a prize, Mother," he said. "A prize? What for, dear?" "For natural history. Teacher asked me how many legs an ostrich had and I said three." "But an ostrich has two legs." "I know that now, Mother, but the rest of the class said four; so I was nearest."—*Boston Transcript.*

Two Hearts That Beat as One.—"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means come."

"Suits me, mum," replied the girl. "I'm a woman of few words myself. If I shake me head, that means I ain't comin'."—*Sidmouth Observer.*

Veteran Decoy.—A minister, substituting for a friend in a remote country parish, was greatly surprized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a fifty-cent piece before presenting the plate at the altar rail. After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with some emotion that his crime had been discovered. The old verger looked puzzled for a moment. Then a sudden light dawned on him. "Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-dollar of mine? I've led off with that for the last fifteen years!"—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Cheerful Joiner.—St. Peter—"And here is your golden harp."

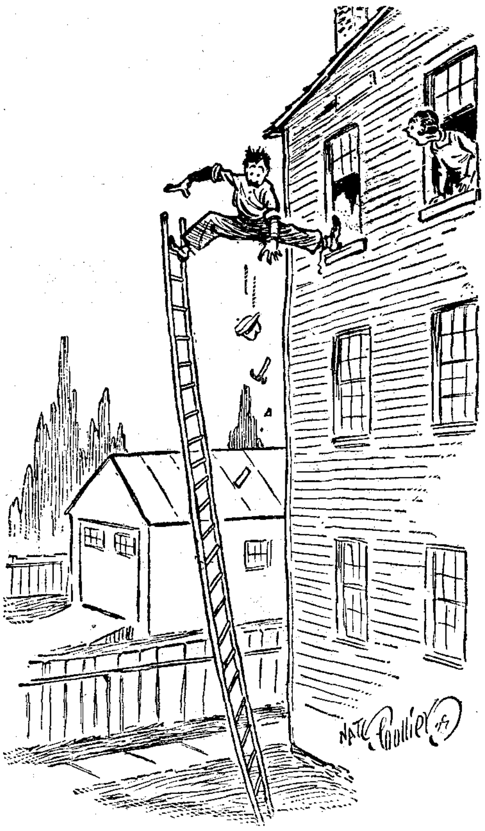
Newly Arrived American—"How much is the first payment?"—*Pathfinder.*

Taking It on Trust.—She—"Where did you get that umbrella?"

He—"It was a gift from sister."

She—"You told me you hadn't any sisters."

He—"I know—but that's what's engraved on the handle."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*



"Oh, John, be careful! You'll split your trousers!"

—*Judge.*

Ruling Passion.—Dean Briggs of Harvard, in an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* on President Eliot, tells how a clergyman who had attended the opening service in the college chapel, went straight to the rectory of Phillips Brooks to tell him how fine it was to see President Eliot singing:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"Asking questions, as usual," said Dr. Brooks.—*Churchman.*

In the Same Boat.—A woman hired a taxicab. The door of the cab was hardly closed before the engine started with a jerk, and the cab began to race madly along, narrowly missing lamp-posts, tram-cars, policemen, etc. Becoming frightened, the woman remonstrated with the chauffeur:

"Please be careful. This is the first time I ever rode in a taxi."

The chauffeur reassured the passenger as follows:

"That's all right, ma'am. This is the first time I ever drove one."—*Christian Advocate.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Strength of Habit.—He returned to his duties Monday after several weeks' absence due to his death.—*Altoona Tribune.*

Lady with a Punch.—Saleswoman, of tact & contact, to call on women's cubs. Selling athletic apparatus.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Bring Your Cough Drops.—The service will open with the singing of several thousand gospel hymns.—*Trenton (N. J.) Evening Times.*

India-Rubber Man.—With ears in his eyes, he told a story of how he had been besieged with trouble.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Who Wants a Car?—Sedan lost in or around Dearborn with tiger cat with twenty-three toes. Liberal reward for return of cat.—*Detroit News.*

Stop the Presses!—
GIRL TELLS
OF BITING DOG
—*Miami Daily News.*

How's Your Appetite?—
For Delicious Spring Meals
SOAP..............3 Bars 20c
—*Ad in the San Antonio Express.*

Might Excuse Itself.—The storm is due to strike this section before to-morrow morning, unless postponed on account of the weather.—*Catskill (N.Y.) Daily World.*

Just Gurgling.—Mr. R. C. —— stood third in milk and butter-fat production, having an average of 542 pounds of milk and 26.1 pounds of butter-fat.—*Colorado paper.*

A Host in Himself.—
Matisse is one of the world's greatest painters; one of the few living men to whom the word "genus" has been applied.
—*Evansville Press.*

Call the Cat.—
DEPOSED SHAD HEAD
—*Head-line in the Palo Alto Times over the news of the death of a former Asiatic ruler.*

Old Friend Again.—Bloodhound For Sale—What am I offered for one-year-old? Beautiful animal, gentle, good watch-dog. Will eat anything and especially fond of children.—*Port Angeles (Wash.) News.*

Sign of Early Summer.—
DRASTIC CUT IN WOMEN'S
DRESSES
½ OFF
—*Sale sign spotted by a Digest scout in Market Street, San Francisco.*

Match for Carnera.—O. C. White, of Phenix City, Alabama, flagman of the first section, smashed into a heavy steel observation car, telescoped it and derailed two Pullmans.—*Dubuque Telegraph-Herald and Times-Journal.*